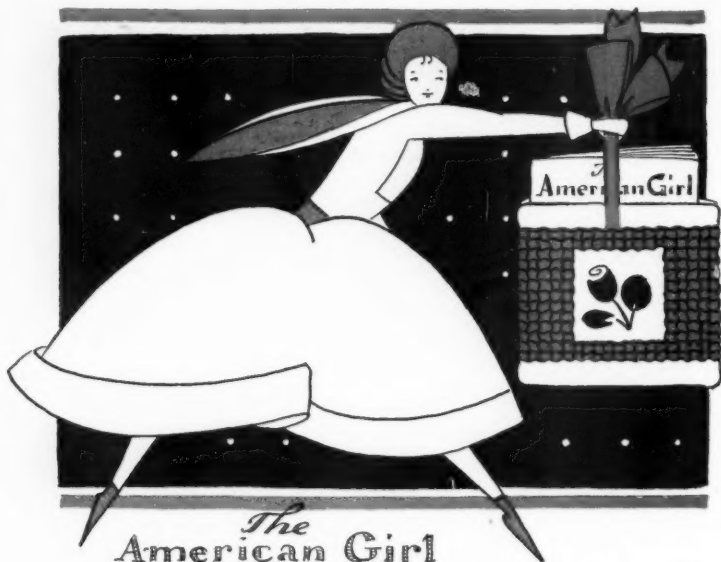


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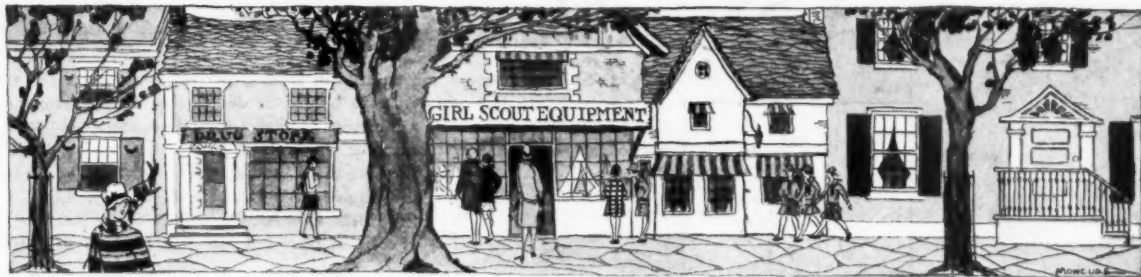
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

670 Lexington Avenue

New York, N. Y.

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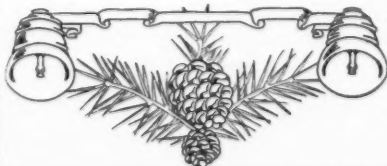
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If you want to give the magazine as a Christmas present to more than one person, you do not need another coupon—just write, on a separate piece of paper, the name and address of the friend to whom you wish it to go, sign your own name, and attach a check or money order. In case you want to give THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years instead of for one, send two dollars instead of a dollar and a half. Simple, isn't it! And such an excellent way to solve your gift problem.

Read again the list in the first paragraph of this column and see if a subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL isn't just about the biggest and best gift you can get for the money. And the nicest part of it all is that it keeps coming throughout the year, making Christmas last over the whole twelve months.



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The Golden Rule

A New Slant on Gym Togs

PHYSICAL directors and coaches in leading schools and colleges, as well as numerous girl athletes, have helped us design the togs illustrated on this page. Every one of these garments is correct for its purpose, comfortable and cut to give complete freedom of action. They are smart in style, too, for

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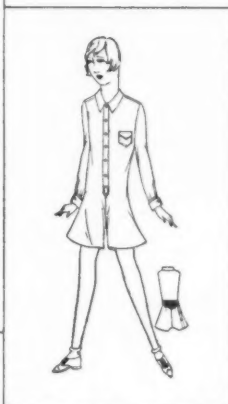


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A. G. 12

Along the Editor's Trail

THERE are two times on Christmas Day that I think I like best of all. The first comes after everybody has opened all their Christmas packages, and all the Christmas secrets are known and everybody has chuckled over how nearly Mother came to finding out what her presents were going to be. Of course, that is one of the very nicest times, too; and you are choked up in the throat and bright in the eyes because all the family are so funny and dear and ridiculous, and you hug Jim twice for that perfectly terrible bottle of perfume he has given you. It's so like Jim to go blundering like that!

But that isn't the time I am thinking of. It is later in the day when everybody has finished breakfast by nibbling at the Christmas candies, and after Mother has said, "We must get this house straightened up before anybody comes in," and tissue paper and ribbons have been gathered up, and you've brushed up the hearth and shaken down the fire, and put the living-room to rights, and out of the kitchen comes that delicious smell that means that the turkey has gone into the oven.

And you have a breathing space for a moment and sit down on a corner of the couch and open your Christmas cards. And that, I think, is one of the very happiest moments of the day. Here are "Merry Christmases" and "Happy New Years" from friends you haven't had a chance to see for years! Cousin Elsie has pasted a picture of her new baby on her card—isn't he a love!—and here are greetings from all the girls you knew at camp last summer and have been intending to write to and haven't, and old friends you had almost forgotten.

Marion has made a block print of the pine tree up on the hill that you both loved so much. And wouldn't you know that funny little block-



printed tin soldier would come from Bet Farley; and that Jimsy would have done a lovely Madonna, and that Frances would have copied her favorite poem on a jolly red card, and that Constance would have painted a gay modern design, and that Bob and Perry would have done one of their cartoons. And here is a card from the girl you used to play with when you visited Aunt Martha the summer you were twelve—and isn't it nice to hear from her again.

I think Christmas cards are really nicer than presents—

receiving them is like having, for a brief moment, a little bit of the people who send them.

And the other time I like best at Christmas is the rest of the day when people drop in just to say "Merry Christmas"—because then you get all of the person who wishes it.

Or when you go out to deliver some last minute presents that didn't get wrapped up until last night, and as you walk down the street you have to stop in, just for a minute, to say "Merry Christmas" to all the people you know.

And when finally you rush back home and get there just a minute before dinner is ready, you make the same old discovery. You had discovered it last Christmas Day, and the year before, and the year before that, but in the rush of the days before Christmas you always forget it.

It is that it is people who matter at Christmas—not things. That all the presents and holiday parties and delightful preparations are just the tinsel and tissue wrappings of the real gift that is inside—the happy good fellowship, the warm love and understanding of all those we love and those who love us.



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Christmas Trees

By VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

I SAW along each noisy city street
The trees for Christmas, standing dark and still,
The pines and firs come down from field and hill,
Old trees and young that had known sun and sleet.

SOFT needles fell on hard, dull pavement there,
And forests rose in a most treeless place;
And there was gladness in each passing face,
And there was balsam fragrance everywhere.

OH, LOVELY way to celebrate Your birth
Whose birth star glistened through Judea's trees;
Whom Joseph taught the skilful use of these;
Who, on a tree, once overcame the earth!

GRANT then Your blessing, Friend of Trees, we pray,
On those who deck green boughs for Christmas Day!

BY courtesy of Good Housekeeping NO. 1270 ne

THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Camille Davied, *Editor*

December, 1928



By JANE ABBOTT

Illustrations by C. J. McCarthy

Wanted: A Leading Lady

CRAIG NEWBERRY was coming to Maryville to spend the Christmas holidays. Not since the airplane crashed through the roof of the Baptist Church had there been such excitement! Like the flame of a prairie fire, word of it spread swiftly from the extreme end of Maple Street at the east, through Main Street, over Parkside and the homes of the elect, and on through the mill district in the west. But, no, not like that—for the word didn't start on Maple Street. It dropped right from Mrs. Torrence's stucco and blue-shuttered house in the heart of Parkside and eddied wider and wider until it reached Maple Street at the one end and the mill district at the other. And as it went, every female heart under twenty-five, and many over, quickened.

Craig Newberry was a movie actor. Maryville had seen him in the Palace Theatre in *Grand Right and Left* and *Mended Hearts* and, best of all, *The Only Son*. And Maryville had felt a special pride in him because his first cousin, Mrs. Torrence, lived there now. It felt it knew a little more about him than any other community could know. He was only twenty years old though he looked older on the screen. The wave in his hair was natural—Mrs. Torrence said it was. He was dreadfully in earnest about his work; instead of spending his evenings in the riotous living accredited to movie stars and near stars, he devoted them to a correspondence course in how to raise bees. Mrs. Torrence had told someone that ever since Craig was a little boy he'd wanted to raise bees.

Mrs. Torrence's "general" told Mrs. Beebe's cook that Craig Newberry decided to come to Maryville because he was "that sunk" with tiredness; he'd wired to his cousin: "Will you give me a darkened room and a good bed to lie in from December twenty-fourth to December thirty-first? I'm sour with weariness." Mrs. Torrence's "general" had read the telegram so she knew every word of it. He'd said just that.

But our story cannot include the excitement of all Maryville—you must imagine for yourself the flutterings of the many, the rosy longings that took shape as the word spread. These pages concern particularly a self-delegated, self-appointed group of ten, self-styled the "Cinderellas," ranging in age from Molly Carter who was only fourteen but looked twenty to Madeline Deering, aged nineteen and only a junior in High, because she'd had anemia and

had to stay out for two years. These ten represented the Best Families in Maryville, so it was said, but even the representatives of the Best Families can be deeply stirred by the coming in person of such a one as Craig Newberry! And even more particularly does our story concern Polly Goodenough of those Cinderellas who lived in the last house on Maple Street, just where the good paved streets stopped.

Dot Beebe was stretching lazy young arms and wondering, sleepily, what fun she could contrive to make this Saturday count, when Bride, the cook, came into her room with the news. Craig Newberry was going to spend the holidays in Maryville.

"What?" Dot was wide awake on the instant. With one agile move of her slim body she was out of bed and executing a wild dance around the room. A dream come true! She flew to the telephone. "7-F-2-3. No, no—it isn't a fire call! 7-F-2-3, I said. Brendel's house, please. Oh-h! Amy—"



The house was gay with many holly garlands

In less than ten minutes Amy Brendel was tearing up the Beebe's curving oak stairway, like chain lightning.

"Amy, the Cinderellas've got to give a party for him right off the bat! Before any other crowd gets in. It's got to be a *wow*. Oh, boy! Just *feel* yourself dancing with him and *live*, if you can!" Dot shut her eyes in an extravagance of bliss.

"Where?" demanded Amy, who was ten pounds overweight and not given to quick flights of fancy. However, even her eyes were gleaming strangely.

Dot was prompt with an answer. "Why, at your house, of course. It's the biggest house in Maryville; really, the nicest." Dot could admit that without hesitation. "Your rooms open up so gorgeously for dancing. Put the orchestra in the hall—we've got to have the Cotton Pickers from Binghampton! And lots of palms and holly and stuff like that. Amy, we'll have mistletoe *everywhere*! Oh, I'll manage the thing if—"

"Mother told Mrs. Stanton that the Ladies' Aid couldn't have their card party at the house this year. She said she simply didn't feel up to having the house all upset—"

"But, Amy, *this* isn't the Ladies' Aid!"

Amy conceded a great difference. "It'd cost like *everything*—"

"Isn't it worth it? I'd starve to put it across. Any Cinderella who wouldn't give her last penny to this ought to be dropped!"

"Well, call a meeting."

"I'll find out from Mrs. Torrence's girl exactly when he's coming."

"And I'll ask Mother."

"Tell her we'll pick up afterwards. Honest, we will. I'd work myself to the bone. And, Amy, here's an idea! Let's every one ask for money for a Christmas present. Dad and Mother always spend a lot on some silly thing for me and it'd be much more sensible having money."

Amy nodded. She thought that indeed a sensible idea.

At two o'clock the ten Cinderellas were sprawled on Dot's bed and chairs and rugs, ten sleek heads, some light, some dark, whirling a little with the great news, twice ten eyes afire and ten hearts beating with a single hope. Dot had the floor. In less than an hour the party was planned.

Each girl pledged herself to ask for money for a Christmas present and to turn that gift, of whatever size it was, into the dance fund. Amy's mother had said they could use the house if they put it into order afterwards. Amy did not tell the Cinderellas how hard she had to coax, even shedding tears, or what had won her mother over. "Dot Beebe said ours was the finest house in Maryville, Mother and that it would be a *shame* not to have such a party in the very best house in town."

"We'll divide up into committees," declared Dot. "I'll be chairman ex-officio of all of them. Sue, you take charge of getting the orchestra. Alice, you take care of the invitations. Molly will help you. Emily, you and Willa and Carol plan the eats. Don't have much—it holds up the dancing so. Polly—" Dot's eyes rested reflectively on Polly Goodenough's face. "Let me see—someone will have to have charge of the merriment afterwards. We can't all pile in there—it'd be most

like having another party. You pick out the Cinderellas who haven't worked much before the dance to help you. Will you, Polly?"

Polly struggled to smile. "Sure," she answered promptly.

"Maybe he won't come," suggested Alice Hart. "That telegram said he was awfully tired."

That was a thought sufficiently terrifying and strong in its possibility to hold the Cinderellas in stricken silence. But Dot rallied them.

"Oh, he'll come! Mrs. Torrence'll *make* him." She lowered her voice. "We haven't lived next to that lady for nothing. She'll want to show us all her famous cousin. I'll get Mother to invite her to luncheon and tell her how much we all want to know him."

The Cinderellas brightened visibly. "Oh, there *never* will be a Christmas like this!" Dot declared, and the others echoed her words. All the jolly things which had marked Christmas seasons in the past must fade to flatness now.

Their beautiful plans went forward with a perfection nothing short of magic. Mrs. Torrence promised Dot—and Dot's mother—that Craig should come to the party. "He works so dreadfully hard—he'll enjoy a simple little home party like that. Really, he's nothing but a youngster himself."

The Cinderellas talked of the great event in daily meeting. They talked of it when they met in twos and threes, in classrooms and study halls and after church and on the street. "Oh, *Dot*—" one would hail her. "I'm going to get a new dress! Oh, I'll get some money, too. I don't know how much but I'll give *every cent* of it!" They talked in terms of tulle and chiffon and transparent velvet, chicken salad and ice cream molds, holly and evergreens, permanents and slippers and the Cotton Pickers—*could* they ever pay them sixty-five dollars? But there really wasn't any better music anywhere! They talked of invitations: "Ought we not to send out swanky engraved cards? Mother thought it was enough to call people up on the telephone but it wasn't—not for this party." And so on and on. Each Cinderella sent to a movie magazine for a photograph of Craig Newberry. "We'll ask him to autograph it for us."

Of all the Cinderellas, Polly Goodenough talked least of the party and, if such were humanly possible, thought most. She had to. It was easy enough for Dot and Amy and Carol and Willa and the others to tease money gifts out of their folks, and new dresses, to dare consider the Cotton Pickers, to dream—they didn't live out in an old, down-at-the-heels house at the end of the town, where nobody who was

anybody lived now, alone with just a grandmother. That once the Goodenough place had included all the land where Maryville stood now, that Great-grandfather Goodenough had been a judge

and his father a senator, that theirs was one of the oldest families in the state and written up in every book that was written about the state didn't console Polly. It didn't seem to mean

anything now, not in this generation, anyway.

"A party?" Grandmother had said. "Now won't that be nice. It's always especially nice at Christmas time. Who'd you say was coming to town? Craig Newberry? Who's he? I don't think I've ever heard his name."





Polly wanted to die for very mortification. He was bending over Grandmother's hand—Grandmother was letting him lead her out to dance!

In the face of such unsophistication Polly was helpless. As to a money gift—"You just want money this Christmas?" Grandmother had pondered that. "I was going to put a little extra toward the 'college money,' Polly. But if you need it for anything, I can give you—well, say, five dollars. That is all the family funds can spare just now."

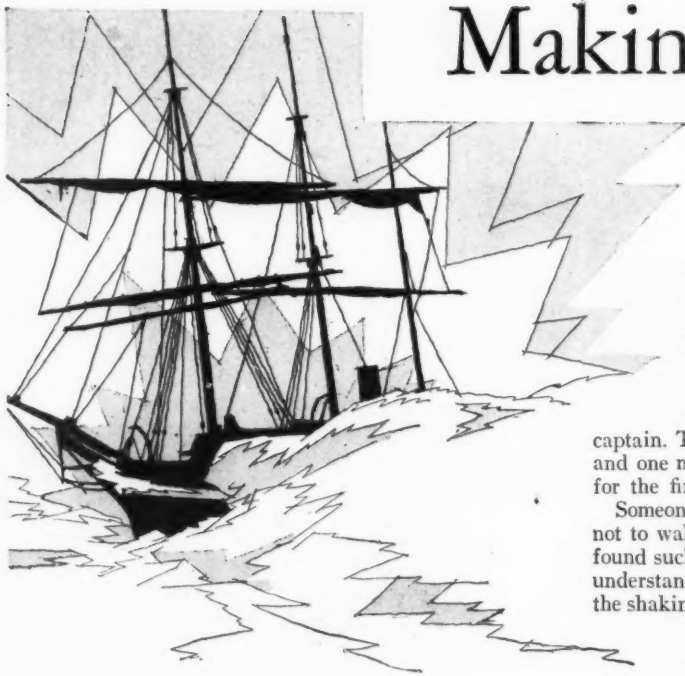
The college money had begun its slow accumulation back when Polly was ten years old. She and Grandmother called it first the "berry money." They picked berries in the big patch on the south acre and sold them at a little stand in front of the house. A Goodenough could do that without a blush. Gradually, the fund had come to be the "college money." Every Goodenough girl had gone to college and Polly should, too. Grandmother made hooked rugs in the winter and sold them for a big price and that money always went into the college fund. And one summer she had kept a boarder. A Goodenough could do that, too. Little economies here and there, extra economies, slowly swelled the amount. Grandmother made a game of it. She kept the bankbook under the cover of the plush

Bible in the parlor on the old mahogany tip-top table.

Grandmother Goodenough had made her own and Polly had inherited the fine pride and simple philosophy of living that had put the Goodenoughs into all the memoirs of the Empire State. Perhaps they had been able to keep it alive against the odds of poverty simply by living in the spacious, old-time house, mellowed as it was by memories; perhaps, too, they didn't mind cooking and sweeping and dusting and making their dresses and remaking them because, out at the end of Maple Street, the air was so sweet and the windows looked out to the wide meadows and circling hills. Perhaps they didn't mind the long evenings of the winter because the books on the shelves that ranged up to the ceiling in the parlor, most of which had belonged to the great-grandfather who had been a senator, were so like old friends to Polly and her grandmother.

When, in the summer, the Maryville they knew went to the mountains or seashore or touring, they hadn't minded staying home. "You can't find a cooler place than right

(Continued on page 38)



Making Christmas

the bridge, not even at meal times or to go to bed. And then the last and worst blow of all was to reach Dad's headquarters and find him gone. It just seemed as if we could not stand that.

But there was no time to be lost. All the supplies that we had brought for Dad had to be landed and this had to be done as quickly as possible, for the season was growing late. We had lost a lot of time in our fight with the ice and the winds and now we had to make it up.

First, however, everyone needed a good night's sleep. The crew was exhausted and so was the captain. The ship was securely anchored in Payer Harbor, and one man left on watch. Then the rest of us turned in for the first untroubled sleep we had had in weeks.

Someone shook me by the shoulder. I made up my mind not to wake up! I had just dozed off, and besides, I had found such a wonderfully comfortable position. I could not understand why I had not discovered it long ago! But the shaking continued. Then I heard Mother's voice saying, "Marie! Marie!"

Reluctantly I opened my eyes to see Mother fully dressed in her warmest clothes. She was trying to awaken me and pack a bag at the same time! The sailor on duty had fallen asleep; the tide had fallen and the ship had gone on the rocks. She was keeled way over on one side which accounted for my being so very comfortable in my bunk. But the matter was serious. A shipwreck is never a laughing matter. But a shipwreck in the Arctic, with winter coming on, is usually a tragedy.

We scrambled ashore in a blinding snowstorm and hung about all day, cold, wet, hungry and miserable, watching the sailors staggering off the ship with load after load of boxes and provisions of all kinds. Wise Captain Sam was accomplishing two things at once. He was lightening the ship in order to give her every possible chance to float when the tide came in, and he was saving as much as he could in case the incoming tide smashed the ship to pieces against the rocks.

Fortunately for us, the tide came in gently with no wind, and by the end of the day the ship had righted itself and was afloat once more. We were able to go aboard by supper time and we felt very grateful that things had been no worse.

But although we escaped shipwreck, there was another unpleasant surprise in store for us. The work of unloading and reloading the *Windward* had taken so long, that when we were ready to leave we found it was impossible. Ice had formed across the entrance of our little harbor, and ice was forming around the sides of the ship. The Arctic winter had begun and we were prisoners until next spring.

To me this was a great lark! For one thing it meant no school, and although I really did not mind school at all, it seemed rather fun to skip a winter of it! Thanks to Dad's wisdom and forethought, there was plenty of food, even if there was not a great variety. The Eskimos were very friendly and provided us with fur clothing. The only thing Mother and I really needed, was to know where Dad was, and if he was well and happy.

We had lived this way for several months now and everyone was growing accustomed to the strangeness of it all. Our little cabin was warm and snug. We had books to read and Mother and I did lessons every morning. And there was seldom a day that was too

"I'M SORRY, little girl, but I'm afraid that there will be no Christmas this year," said Mother and turned away to hide her troubled expression.

No Christmas! Can you realize how I felt? Of course, I had known all along that we could not have a home Christmas such as we had had every year since I could remember. But no Christmas at all! I could not imagine how it would seem. And if Mother said it was impossible it must be, for Mother was tremendously clever at finding ways to do things when everyone else gave up. I tried to smile to show I did not mind—much—but it was a pretty weak kind of smile. I pulled on my fur coat and went out on deck.

To make you understand just how hopeless things really were I must go back several months.

Mother and I had come North in July to meet Dad who had been away for two years, hunting and planning and preparing for his trip to the North Pole. For hundreds of years the bravest, most adventurous men all over the world had been trying to discover the North Pole and my father was determined to succeed. A ship had carried him north and left him with the understanding that, in two years, another ship would come to bring him home. And when it came time for the second ship to sail, Mother and I could not resist the temptation to go too. It was to be only a summer's trip and, by going along, we would see Dad three months sooner than if we waited for him at home.

But things went wrong right from the first. The ice was heavier than any remembered having seen it before. Our ship was just a sailing vessel with a small engine to help in calm weather. But for weeks we had head winds and could barely hold our own. Then we struck the ice and took eight days to cross Melville Bay when in ordinary weather it took only that many hours. We had several narrow escapes from being crushed and ground to pieces by the ice-flood rushing past us with the tide. The sailors worked day and night and the captain never left



in the Far North

By MARIE PEARY

cold or stormy for us to take a walk over the ice around the ship. Altogether, I was thoroughly enjoying my winter until Mother made her announcement about Christmas.

I knew by Mother's expression that she had thought the matter over very carefully before mentioning it to me. And of course she was right. How could we have a Christmas? From the time we sailed North from Sydney, Cape Breton, it had been impossible for us to receive any mail. And all our family and friends had thought, as we did, that we would surely be home for Christmas. So there were no little packages marked "Not to be opened until Christmas" as there had been for my birthday. With absolutely no stores within hundreds of miles of us the outlook seemed pretty dreary. What Christmas we had, must be made out of things we had with us. And you don't take very Christmassy things with you when you think you are only going to be gone for the summer!

I went down into the cabin again feeling pretty forlorn. But as I opened the door, Mother said: "Is that you, Marie? I could hardly wait for you to come back! I've had an idea!" You would have known the idea was a pleasant one if you could have seen Mother's face! "We can't have any presents, you and I," she continued—poor Mother, when the only present she wanted was Dad or a message from him—"but I think we can make Christmas for the Eskimos and the crew, if you would like to!"

Would I like to? Well, I guess I would! Everyone loves surprises and the crew could certainly not dream that there would be any celebration on board that year!

As for the Eskimos, Christmas was just like any other day to them; they did not have the least idea of what it meant.

Mother quickly explained her plans to me. When we left home, a number of our friends had sent us boxes of goodies to be opened each week. There was a generous supply of them to last us through the three months. And Mother, as soon as she found that we were destined to remain North all

winter had been hoarding them carefully for some special occasion. There had to be good things for Christmas!

Excitedly, we pulled out the treasure box to see just what was left. Leaving out Mother and me, and counting all the Eskimos and the crew, there were fifteen people to be remembered. We had dates, peanuts, a few chocolates, some mixed candy and—luckily—just fifteen oranges from the supply with which we started. This was a splendid beginning and, once started, it was amazing how many inspirations we had!

Mother suggested popping corn. Then we thought it would be fun to wrap each package of goodies separately and, just as we were about to do it, another idea came into our heads. Mother dashed into our stateroom and after a few minutes, in which I could hear her rummaging in her trunk, she came out triumphantly. In one hand was a large piece of white mosquito netting. In the other, was a ball of red worsted. We set to work at once, and by bedtime had fifteen white stockings all made and worked around the edges with red worsted. They looked very Christmassy indeed!

The next few days simply flew by! Christmas was only a week away, and the more we did, the more things we thought of to do! We popped corn for the stockings and then popped more and strung it for garlands with which to decorate the cabin. I made chains of colored paper, too, and soon the cabin looked very festive. We made taffy to help out the candy in the stockings and one evening Mother baked a whole stack of raisin loaves. They were not much like the ones we

have at home because we did not have any eggs and only canned milk, but they smelled delicious and I could hardly wait for Christmas to come.

Mother had certainly made Christmas come true in spite of everything and yet way down in my heart there was one thing I wanted so much that I did not see

(Continued on page 43)

In fur coat and hood, she looked just like an Eskimo girl



The Singular Affair at

Beginning a Christmas mystery story by

Illustrations by

THERE is no human habitation on Bentley Beach save the Coast Guard Station and Captain Payne's cottage. In summer the green-topped dunes stretch away to the north and south, as far as the eye can reach, the air is filled with the scent of bay and cedar and salt spray; the sea rolls in serenely on the white and level sand. In summer, Bentley Beach is a paradise whereon to dream away the lazy, sun-filled days.

In winter, Bentley Beach is a forbidding and sinister region, though there are sunny days in which it still has charm. But in the main it is either fog-wrapped, storm-swept or, on cold, clear days, bitten by the sharp sting of sand clouds swept from the dunes by the west wind. It is far from the ideal spot in which to spend one's Christmas-to-New Year's vacation, yet it was in this spot that Eileen Payne had elected to spend it—or rather, had been persuaded to spend it by her somewhat perplexed and worried parents.

She stood where the rickety taxi had left her at Captain Payne's doorstep and watched it drive away, reeling giddily along the sandy lane, hub-deep in ruts, that was the only access to the beach from the main road three-quarters of a mile away. She could hear the roar of the surf from the other side of the dune behind which the cottage nestled. Across the road opposite the house stood the Bentley Coast Guard Station itself, stark and white and uncompromising in the bleak west wind that raked it. A fine shower of sand, sharp as a million needles, hurtled round her, and she shivered and drew her fur collar higher about her face to shut out their sting. Lonely, bleak, desolate, cold—*why* had she had to come? A foolish question to ask even herself. She knew she could have done nothing else.

Uncle Amos had sent for someone to be with him over the holidays. It seemed a curious request. Uncle Amos—really her father's uncle, and captain of the Bentley Beach Coast Guard Station—had always seemed singularly able to take care of himself and usually well pleased to be left alone. She and her parents had spent frequent summers with him, when he was wont to turn over his little cottage on the lonely beach to his nephew's family. He had rarely seen them at any other time of the year and had seldom, if ever, written them before. So it was with considerable astonishment that his nephew had received a letter from him shortly before Christmas, begging that some one of them should come to him for the week between Christmas and New Year's.

"I can't possibly go," Eileen's father had announced, a trifle irritably.

"Well, I can't, either," her mother had retorted, "with little Janet just getting over the flu. And neither can Junior, for he's accepted an invitation to go to Washington with his chum and he'll be heartbroken if he has to give it up. I guess it's up to you, Eileen."

"But whatever can I *do* there?" Eileen had demanded forlornly. "It's lovely in the summer, of course, and when you have all the family with you. But in winter—and with no one but Uncle Amos! Aunt 'Liza might as well not be there, for she stays in her room all the time and is so deaf." The picture she saw of the lonely station with only her invalid, deaf aunt and her taciturn uncle was a little terrifying. "Oh, Mother!—why do I have to go? And there's Anne Marbury's New Year's Eve party that I'll be missing, too."

"I know it's hard, dear," Mrs. Payne had sympathized, "and if I could see any other way out of it, you shouldn't



She had just taken down the receiver, when she felt the clutch of an

Bentley Coast Guard

AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Robb Beebe



icy hand laid in a grip of iron on her slender shoulder. She turned—

be the one that has to make the sacrifice. As it is, I don't know what else we can do. Uncle Amos' letter was very insistent and a little alarming. Your father feels rather worried about the old man. And your visit will be a welcome one to poor old Aunt 'Liza, even if she can't hear a word you say. And you needn't go till day after Christmas. It isn't as if you were to be away from home on Christmas Day. Daddy will put you on the train next morning and come for you on New Year's Day, so it won't be so bad. You can telephone me as soon as you reach Firgrove station and get old Jake Harvey, who's always there, to take you to the beach in his taxi. We'll try to make up to you for the disappointment later. Daddy's planning a trip to Washington in the spring, and he said last night he'd try to take you with him."

Eileen had hugged her mother at this news. It very nearly evened the score, for she'd been wishing to see Washington in the spring for a long time. Then she returned to Uncle Amos' letter.

"But why did he want someone just *now*, Mother?"

"That's just what has puzzled us," answered Mrs. Payne. "Uncle Amos is usually so independent and so perfectly able to get along without any outside assistance. But his letter sounded as if he were worried about something. It isn't Aunt Eliza, for he said she was quite as usual. And it doesn't seem to be his own health, for he intimated that he was perfectly well also. He seems to be troubled about *something*—but what it is you'll have to find out, if you can!"

So Eileen had come to Bentley Beach. It was an eventful journey, and here she stood in the bleakness of the late December afternoon at Uncle Amos' front door. There was no response to her knock and it did not surprise her. Aunt Eliza was shut in her room and could not have heard her anyway, she was so stone deaf. Uncle Amos was probably patrolling the beach. The door was rarely locked, so she opened it and walked in.

There was no one in the little living-room, though a hot fire burned in the round iron stove under the mantel. Eileen opened the door into Aunt 'Liza's room and peeped in. The old lady was napping peacefully in a huge arm-chair near another red hot stove. Eileen decided not to wake her and retired, closing the door carefully behind her. She deposited her suitcase in the living-room and went out to hunt for Uncle Amos at the station across the road.

Eileen could remember years, when she was younger, that Bentley Beach Coast Guard Station had had its full quota of surfmen with Uncle Amos as their captain. But for the past few years the Government had abandoned the full crew for that station, assigning most of its duties to the stations directly above and below it. Only Uncle Amos had been left in charge. It was a lonesome post but it suited him. To care for it and for his invalid wife filled his days and he desired no other companionship.

The station itself was empty when Eileen entered it. Another stove burned brightly in the mess-room, but no one was about. Eileen even ran up the look-out and gazed up and down the darkening beach. She was finally rewarded by the sight of Uncle Amos' figure trudging up the beach, his head bent against the northwest blast with its stinging fury of sand.

She ran downstairs and up the windy beach to meet him. His head was down so he did not see her until she was quite close. Then he looked up with a gesture of startled

amazement, though she found it hard to imagine why her presence should surprise him.

"What are *you* doing here?" he demanded, when she had kissed him dutifully and wished him a belated "Merry Christmas".

"Why, you asked for someone to come, didn't you?" Eileen retorted, as they made their way to the house.

"Yes, but I supposed, of course, it would be your father or Junior. I don't think a girl—that is, I mean it's rather dreary for a girl here just now." Eileen caught the hesitation he had showed in framing his explanation. It was not like Uncle Amos to hesitate. She thought, too, when he had taken off his cap that he looked worried and paler than she remembered him in the summer. But it was his eyes that seemed to carry a hunted look. What could be the matter, she wondered?

If anything were the matter, Uncle Amos did not explain. He accepted her explanation of why neither her father nor Junior could come, took her in to see Aunt Eliza, who had waked from her nap, and began preparations for supper. Eileen timidly offered to help him but was unceremoniously shooed out of the kitchen. Later she found herself eating a delicious meal of clam chowder and fried fish and felt warmed and comforted, and more reconciled to her temporary exile.

During the meal, Uncle Amos talked very little. In thinking it over afterward, Eileen realized that most of his conversation related to food. She did the talking and he listened in a gloomy, abstracted silence. Afterwards he washed the dishes while she went in to sit with Aunt Eliza and do what she could to communicate with her stone deaf relative.

There was something wistful and rather pathetic about Aunt Eliza that had always appealed to Eileen. She was so shut off by her invalidism and by her deafness from all communication with the outside world. Captain Payne hovered over her with a protecting watchfulness, always guarding her from the slightest upset or inconvenience. He had once told Eileen that his wife's heart was in such a precarious condition that the least shock might mean her end. She had long ago had one, he said, so severe that it had left her heart permanently impaired. She would probably never survive another. What the shock had been caused by he had not said and Eileen had never dared to ask.

She sat now and listened patiently while Aunt Eliza talked, in the soft, scarcely audible voice of the deaf, unable herself to make comments, till finally the old lady said that she wanted to go to bed, and advised Eileen to do the same.

After giving her aunt what help she could, she went out to the living-room to find Captain Payne striding about, carefully bolting all the window-fastenings. His action struck her as somewhat peculiar. They had never been particular about locking up anything at Bentley Beach before. Outsiders rarely came there and thievery was unknown.

"Why are you doing that, Uncle Amos?" she asked curiously.

His only reply was, "I must go over to the station and on patrol down the beach for a couple of hours. Keep the door locked and on no account—" Then he hesitated, glanced at her uneasily and appeared to change his mind, for he only added, "Best go to bed very soon. We all go to bed early here. There's nothing much to sit up for." He had opened the door to go out when he turned back once more and warned her, "Don't—on any account—let anything disturb your Aunt Eliza!" And with this admonition he was gone, leaving a deep, unbroken silence behind him.

Eileen remained standing where he had left her for a

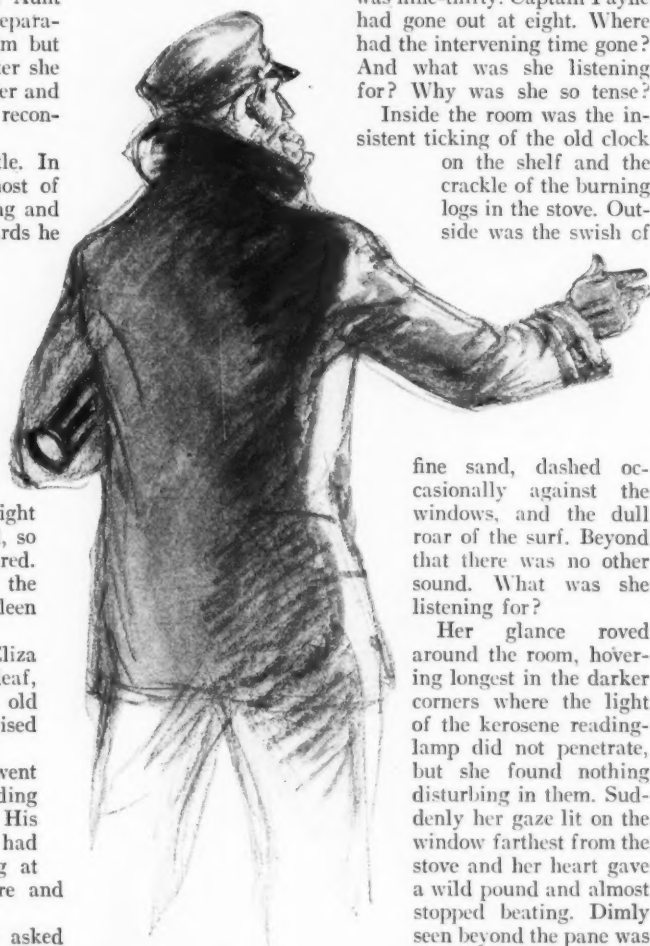
long interval after he went out. There was something singular—almost uncanny—in the situation and a growing uneasiness filled her mind with nameless fears. What was Uncle Amos afraid of? She had never known him to fear anything before. What could the menace be that hung over the place now? She could not answer the questions, but of one thing she was certain—at all cost she must protect delicate and unsuspecting Aunt Eliza from some threatened shock.

With scarcely a second thought, she decided against going to bed before Uncle Amos returned. And, so she might more easily keep awake, she took her most fascinating new Christmas-gift book and sat down before the hot little stove to read and watch.

But, in spite of her determination, her walk in the wind had made her sleepy, and before she realized it, all was blank. Then suddenly, she found herself sitting up straight and tense—*listening*. A glance at the clock showed that it

was nine-thirty. Captain Payne had gone out at eight. Where had the intervening time gone? And what was she listening for? Why was she so tense?

Inside the room was the insistent ticking of the old clock on the shelf and the crackle of the burning logs in the stove. Outside was the swish of



fine sand, dashed occasionally against the windows, and the dull roar of the surf. Beyond that there was no other sound. What was she listening for?

Her glance roved around the room, hovering longest in the darker corners where the light of the kerosene reading-lamp did not penetrate, but she found nothing disturbing in them. Suddenly her gaze lit on the window farthest from the stove and her heart gave a wild pound and almost stopped beating. Dimly seen beyond the pane was a pale, staring face

framed in wildly tossing hair, peering into the room with questioning eyes! For one breathless instant only it hung there, then was gone into the night.

Eileen turned cold and sick with horror. She had unconsciously risen from her chair, and she found herself standing with trembling knees, gripping the edge of the table with both hands for support. She wanted to open her mouth and scream and scream, but some instinct of self-control kept her silent. Her one coherent idea was that there must be a maniac loose, and that she had just seen the creature staring in at her, before breaking into the

house. That must have been why Uncle Amos locked and bolted the doors and windows, she thought. But why hadn't he told her, if there were any such danger?

Suddenly, reason returned and she sat down to think out what she ought to do. There was someone prowling about the house—or had been. And she was alone with a sleeping invalid whom she had been warned to protect from all disturbance or shock. Where was Uncle Amos? What ought she to do? Had this weird apparition disturbed Aunt Eliza also? She tiptoed to her aunt's door, peeped in to find the old lady sleeping peacefully in the semi-dark room and no disturbing visions at the window. Then she went back to the living-room and stood shivering and irresolute by the little stove, unable to tear her gaze from the window, expecting every moment to see the grim apparition again.

At length she felt she could bear the strain of it no longer. Uncle Amos must be found and told of what had happened. He was probably back at the station now. She would run over and warn him.



He made a gesture of amazement, and she wondered why her presence surprised him

Without giving herself further time to reason about the thing, she rushed into her room, seized her warmest wrap, unfastened the door and fled out into the night.

Outside the starlight was intense in brilliance, and the station across the road stood up stark and cold against the sky. But a blast of sand-laden wind struck her in the face as soon as she opened the door, and she wasted no time but made a bee-line for the station porch. Rather to her surprise, the mess-room was empty. So was the boat-room, the dormitories and the look-out tower. Uncle Amos had plainly not yet returned from patrolling the beach. Eileen lingered in the look-out tower and gazed up and down the dark beach through the night-glasses, but there was no sign of him.

While she was still standing with the glasses in her hand, she was startled by the ringing of the telephone in the mess-room, two flights below. Hurriedly she scrambled down the stairs and dashed in to snatch the receiver from its hook. A confused blur of sound greeted her, out of which she could distinguish nothing except jumbled syllables.

"Hello! hello!" she called into the 'phone. "Who is calling?" Out of the still confused blur, she finally distinguished a faint voice—so faint, so far away as to be scarcely more than a breath, "Amos—Amos Payne—look out!" There was no other word and even the confused blur ceased.

Eileen hung up the receiver and stood by the desk where it rested, in a state of petrified inaction for several moments. What did that strange, vague, unfinished message mean? Who sent it? Ought she do anything about it, and if so, what? After thinking the matter over as sanely as she

could, she decided that perhaps the best thing would be to wait where she was for another ring of the telephone. Possibly someone had been cut off and would presently try to complete the message. At any rate, it was plainly for Uncle Amos and had sounded serious enough to be considered. Possibly also, he might come in the meantime and she could explain it all to him. And with this thought in her mind, she crossed the room and sat down by the stove to wait. A kerosene lamp in a bracket on the wall nearby, and which had been turned low by Uncle Amos before he went out, gave but a feeble light. It seemed to

Eileen that it must have been turned low purposely, and she would have liked to turn it up, but it was too high to reach. She was standing uncertainly by the stove, trying to decide what to do, when a peculiar thing happened.

The lamp in the wall-bracket above her head suddenly went out, leaving her in darkness, except for the streak of light from the stove-door.

A cold shiver traveled up her spine and she began to grope frantically for matches, though she had no idea where Captain Payne kept them. Where could they be? Not on any accessible table or shelf that she could reach. Hunting about in the dark, she stumbled over a chair and bruised her ankle so severely that she had to stop and nurse it for a moment. And while she stood on one leg, braced against a table, holding her injured foot in both hands, the telephone rang again.

This time she did not rush to answer it, but felt her way carefully, by the dim light from the stove to the telephone which was still ringing in spasmodic jerks and pauses. Her ankle was still painful, but she had forgotten it by the time she had taken down the receiver.

"Buzz-buzz-buzz-blur-buzz!" was all that came to her. "Hello, hello!" she encouraged the unseen. "Who is calling? This is Bentley Station."

Dead silence. Then, very faint, very indistinct, the disjointed phrases, ". . . Amos . . . Amos Payne . . . danger . . . keep away from . . . 34602 . . ."

After that, utter silence.

It seemed to Eileen as if she could not stand and talk into that telephone another instant. Her knees were shak-

(Continued on page 63)

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Jo Ann

THERE was a gap in the hedge between Jo Ann's yard and Tommy Bassick's yard and the Bassick yard was ten feet higher than Jo Ann's so that a ten-foot terrace slanted down to the hedge that divided the two places. It was a steep terrace.

Jo Ann had arrived for the Christmas vacation in a drizzle of rain, a drizzle that froze as it fell, covering the four inches of snow with a glaze that was like glass itself, it was so glistening and smooth.

The next morning when she slipped from her bed and looked out of the window she saw a sight that aroused all her tomboy ire. "The red-headed nerve!" she exclaimed. "Will you look at that carroty kid! And I told him never to come in my yard again!"

Wicky—who was, of course, Julia Wickham, Jo Ann's roommate and dearest friend at Wilmot School—got from under the covers and went to the window. What she saw was two boys on skis. They were having a glorious time. Starting at the top of the terrace in Tommy Bassick's yard they coasted down the terrace, through the gap in the hedge and across the lawn of Jo Ann's house until they brought up against the iron fence at the far side.

"My!" cried Wicky. "I'd be afraid to do that!"

"Do what that kid can do?" scoffed Jo Ann, although "that kid" was not a day younger than herself. "If I couldn't do what he can do!"

The two boys glided back across the yard to the gap in the hedge, and it then became apparent how they negotiated the steep slant of the terrace. In the Bassick yard, near the top of the terrace, was a small tree, and to this they had tied a rope. By this rope, pulling hand over hand, they got themselves up the terrace. As they reached the top, Jo Ann drew her window curtains together to hide all but her face.

"Here, you red-head!" she shouted. "I told you to keep out of my yard!"

For answer, Tommy Bassick turned and made a face in the general direction of the window. "Blah, you poor joop!" he called. "Come down and stop me!"



Jo Ann turned from the window and began dressing hurriedly. She was not going to stand any such language as that. She was not going

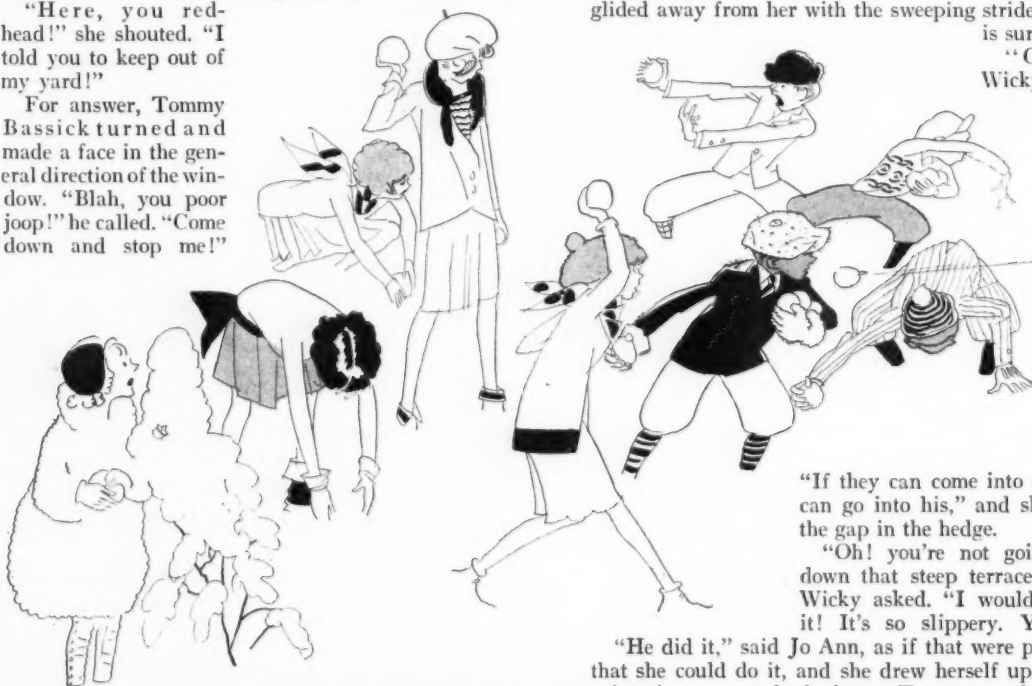
to stand anything whatever from Tommy Bassick. The feud between them was of long standing.

"But what was that he called you?" Wicky asked, as she, too, drew on stockings.

"He called me a poor joop," Jo Ann said grimly, "but he'll be sorry for it. *Jupe*, you know—French for petticoat. As if I wore petticoats! As if I couldn't do anything he can do, and do it better! Oh, lemons! there's no use hurrying—Mother won't let us go out until we've had breakfast; she's so fussy about breakfast. He's that Tommy Bassick I told you about. Many a time I have taken him by that red hair and thrown him down that terrace into the hedge. And kept him there. All afternoon. Where's my other garter? Coming into my yard! Well!"

But by the time breakfast was over Tommy Bassick and his friend had tired of shooting the terrace on skis and seemed to have disappeared. Jo Ann and Wicky sat on the veranda steps and adjusted their own ski lashings, and Wicky tried the glassy surface cautiously. Jo Ann glided away from her with the sweeping stride of one who is sure of herself.

"Come on, Wicky," she said.



"If they can come into my yard we can go into his," and she made for the gap in the hedge.

"Oh! you're not going to come down that steep terrace, are you?" Wicky asked. "I wouldn't dare do it! It's so slippery. You'll fall."

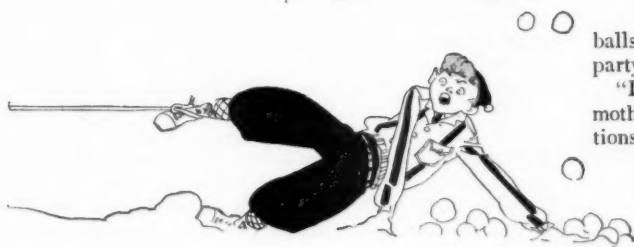
"He did it," said Jo Ann, as if that were proof enough that she could do it, and she drew herself up the terrace, using the rope as she had seen Tommy use it. At the top she turned, balanced to the edge of the terrace and let herself go, but she had not noticed that the rope lay across

CARREY PRICE

"Close up, you girls! You can't hit a barn door from over there! Lam it into them!"

and the Joop

Illustrations by Garrett Price



the gap in the hedge. She came down the incline in a glorious sweep, but when her skis struck the rope something happened. For an instant she pawed the air and then she went over ignominiously upon her side and skidded across the yard, sprawled and clutching, until she struck the fence with a bump that shook it. Instantly a window went up in the second floor of the Bassick house and a voice she knew well smote her ears.

"Yah, you poor joop!" it shouted. "Go play with dolls!"

It was the ultimate insult. It was heaping injury upon abasement, and for once Jo Ann had nothing to say. She was too deeply humiliated. She got upon her hands and knees, and so, by clinging to the fence, upon her feet.

"Let's go in the house," she said. "I've got to put arnica on me. He thinks he's smart, doesn't he?"

"I think he's rude," said Wicky loyally. "I think he's the rudest boy I ever knew. Shouting at you like that!"

"And I couldn't think of anything to shout back," said Jo Ann sadly. "Mostly I can; I suppose it was because I bumped me so hard. I guess I'm all black and blue in stripes. I don't think he's a gentleman."

"The other boy seemed rather nice," Wicky ventured.

"Nobody that comes to visit Tommy Bassick can be nice," Jo Ann said vindictively, "so you needn't think he is. But I'm glad of one thing—I didn't invite either of them to the party."

The party was to be the next day and was to be quite an affair. Jo Ann's mother felt that the time had come when Jo Ann should put aside her tomboy ways and begin to be a young lady, and she had planned the party with that in view. Jo Ann's parties up to this time had inclined to be rough—Jo Ann usually led the party out of the house and up trees or into rough and tumble games on the lawn—and the ruin to party gowns was something disheartening to mothers.

For this party Jo Ann's mother had taken every precaution. She had engaged an orchestra of three pieces so that there might be plenty of dancing to keep the party in the house, and she had hired a sleight-of-hand entertainer to take rabbits out of hats and otherwise hold the party indoors. She had even made a cobweb game, unwinding miles and miles of various colored twines, running it upstairs and down, with a prize at the end of each string. She had made this most complicated and counted on it to keep the boys and girls busy at least half an hour. And then there would be the refreshments. She did hope it would be a gentle and lady-like party and that Jo Ann would not begin throwing sofa cushions.

And so it might have been had the weather not taken a notion to produce a splendid snowstorm. The snow began falling soon after Jo Ann had rubbed the arnica where it would do the most good. It came down in huge white plasterly flakes—the snow, of course, not the arnica—and stuck to the window panes, a beautiful snow for snow-

balls. All night the snow fell and by the morning of the party it was several inches deep on top of the sleet crust.

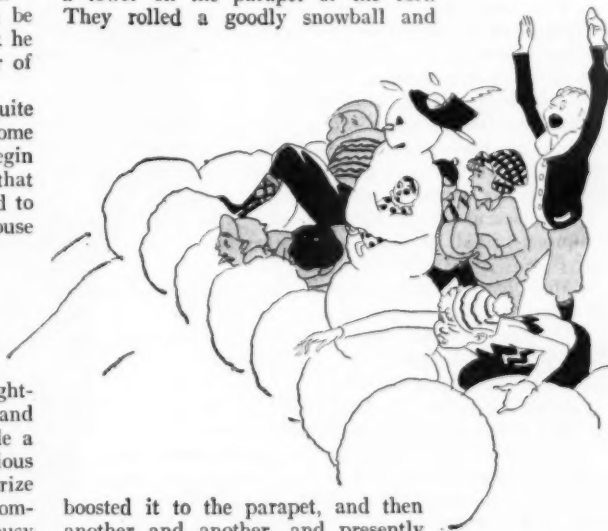
"Drat the party!" Jo Ann cried in vexation, for her mother insisted that Jo Ann help her with the final preparations. Jo Ann wanted to be out in the snow. She almost had to be out in the snow, for Tommy Bassick and his visitor were busy with shovels, rolling huge snowballs as big as barrels, lining them up, filling in the spaces between them, smoothing them down.

They were making a fort, and the fort was a silent but clearly speaking defiance to Jo Ann. It was a dare. And a dare was something Jo Ann never overlooked—especially when it was from Tommy Bassick.

Every ten minutes that morning Jo Ann went to the window and looked at the snow fort. Tommy Bassick and his friend—whose name was Ted Spence, if anyone cares to know it—were leaving no question that the fort was a defiance to Jo Ann. They were building it at the top of the terrace in Tommy's yard, and near the street, but facing defiantly toward Jo Ann's. The front faced directly toward Jo Ann's and the piles of snowball ammunition were piled on the front toward Jo Ann's. At each end the fort had wings, of course, but they were merely wings. They were quite evidently there only to prevent a flank fire of snowballs—the fort was aimed at Jo Ann, it was pointed at Jo Ann. It stood up there on the terrace above Jo Ann's yard and it seemed to say, "Bah to you, Jo Ann!"

"What are they doing now?" Wicky asked.

For Tommy Bassick and his visitor, the fort having been completed, and a plentiful supply of ammunition accumulated, seemed to have decided to build a tower on the parapet of the fort. They rolled a goodly snowball and



boosted it to the parapet, and then another and another, and presently they began shaping these. Gradually the figure took the rough form of a woman—a fat one with her legs unseen beneath the snow skirt that reached down to the parapet of the fort.

"That's me," said Jo Ann, with a sure knowledge of Tommy Bassick's methods of thought. "You'll see!"

"But what is he making you for?" Wicky asked.

"To make me mad," Jo Ann said.

"But, goodness!" exclaimed Wicky. "You won't get mad at that, will you? Why should you let that worry you?"

"Yes," said Jo Ann, positively. "I will. I'm mad now, and I'm getting madder every minute, madder and madder."

The eyes of the snow woman were easily made with bits of coal and so, too, was the especially undignified nose. The hat must have been dug out of the attic.

"It's not so!" Jo Ann declared. "I never wore a hat like that in my life!"

But the crowning insult was the rag doll. Tommy Bassick placed it on the folded arms of the snow figure, a final insulting suggestion that Jo Ann was, after all, only a girl and fit only to play with dolls. And then Tommy Bassick planted the sign beside the snow figure—planted it so that everyone coming to the party or looking from one of Jo Ann's windows must see it—

"JO ANN, THE POOR JOOP."

"Dear me!" said Jo Ann's mother. "I do hope that doesn't break up the party!" for she knew Jo Ann quite well.

Having completed the fort and the joop, Tommy Bassick made more snowball ammunition. They piled this on the corner of the veranda of the Bassick house where a stone parapet made another fort, and Jo Ann saw the meaning of this. If, by any chance, Jo Ann did attack, and did drive Tommy Bassick and his chum from the fort, the defeated could fall back to the veranda. From this point they could rake the fort, in and out, with snowballs. They piled fifty snowballs on the veranda—one hundred snowballs; they were still making snowballs when they were called into the house for lunch.

Jo Ann and Wicky were making sandwiches at the kitchen table, helping the maid and Jo Ann's mother, and when Jo Ann's mother returned from the pantry Jo Ann was gone.

"Why, where's Jo Ann?" she asked Wicky.

"She said she would be back in a minute," Wicky said. Jo Ann's mother looked out of the window but she could not see Jo Ann. Ten minutes later she did see her. A clump of bush honeysuckle, now leafless, hid the gap in the hedge from the kitchen window, but as Jo Ann came from behind the bushes Jo Ann's mother saw her. She was coming on her stomach, digging her elbows into the snow, wiggling like a worm.

"What were you doing, Jo Ann?" her mother asked. "I am surprised! Will you never learn to act like a young lady?"

"Mother," said Jo Ann, ignoring her question to ask another, "did you ever wear a petticoat?"

"Of course, dear," her mother said. "Everyone wore them in the old days."

"Not red woollen ones?"

"Yes, indeed—in the winter."

"Did you throw them all away?"

"No; there are a couple in the trunk in the attic—the trunk with the broken lock. I saw them only a day or so ago and wondered what could be done with them—there is so little one can do with red woollen these days."

"I think I'll go up and get ready for the party," said Jo Ann cheerfully. "Come on, Wicky, let's go!" and when they were in Jo Ann's room again she said, "I don't think it's much use trying to get the party to take that fort. I ought to take it and it makes me furious to think I can't, but I guess it's no use. Girls just don't learn the things that they should learn. I guess I'm almost the only girl in town that can sock a snowball the way it ought to be socked if it is going to be of any use in a fight."

"I can throw them," said Wicky, "but they don't seem

to hit what I aim at. They never fly the right way."

"No, they wouldn't," agreed Jo Ann. "Your education has been all wrong. If one of your snowballs did sock someone in the eye it would never make a black eye of it. The party won't be of much use; the girls might as well throw confetti as snowballs, and all the boys that are any good will go over and help Tommy—you'll see! They always do. As soon as the fight starts they'll go over to Bassick's."

"Is there going to be a fight?" asked Wicky.

"Of course there's going to be a fight!" said Jo Ann. "You don't think I'd let that red-head make a statue of me and call me a poor joop and not have a fight over it, do you? But we've got to do it mostly ourselves, Wicky—we girls. Jacky Sloane will stay on our side, and Will McKinnon, and Clarence Dorr—but they aren't much use. The other boys will go right over to Bassick's—you'll see! Go down and ask Mother something about the cobweb strings in the front hall—I have to go out to the garage."

When she went to the garage she carried a bundle done up in a bath towel, but she did not have it when she came in again, and by that time the musicians and the magician had arrived. And presently the party came—singly and by twos and threes. To all of them Jo Ann introduced Wicky in the same way, and it made everybody loyal to Jo Ann.

"This is Wicky, my roommate at Wilmot," she said. "She's been wondering if everybody in town is as rude as Red-head Bassick."

"Isn't he just awful?" most of the girls said then. "What does joop mean, Jo Ann?"

"You tell her, Wicky," Jo Ann would say, moving on to greet her next guest.

"It's a term of reproach," Wicky said then. "Joop is French for petticoat. It means Jo Ann is a sissy-girl."

The response to this was, surprisingly, almost always the same. Sometimes it began with "Golly!" and sometimes with "Whew!" and sometimes with "Oh, crickets!" but the words that followed were practically the same words each time: "Whew! Has she paid him back yet, or are we going to help?"

"I think she is going to let us help," Wicky said pleasantly to each new acquaintance and, as you may guess, Jo Ann's party became an interesting party from the very beginning.

The party began with dancing because, as Jo Ann said, what was the sense of paying for music if no one danced. They danced three very proper dances and then Jo Ann said, reasonably enough, "I think we are too hot. I think we ought to go out in the yard awhile and cool off a little."

"I think so, too,"

said Wicky loyally.

"But I'm afraid,"

Jo Ann said, "that Tommy Bassick and that smarty kid that's visiting him will try to show off. I'm afraid they'll try to snowball us and scare us off."

"I just know they

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"Blah, you poor joop! Come down and stop me!"



"Here, you red-head, better keep out of my yard!"



CAROL PRICE

Amelia Earhart

*She says she played hooky from her job to fly the Atlantic;
but we know her to be one of the finest sportswomen in the world*

SHE IS very tall, very blonde, very slender—so blonde and so slender that she looks almost frail, and much younger than her twenty-nine years. That was my first impression of Amelia Earhart. In her flying suit she might pass for a boy, a slim young boy in his teens who had got his height too fast for his width. Yet she looked very feminine in the lovely gray-blue chiffon frock she was wearing when I talked with her.

My eyes kept returning to her hair. It is the sort of hair every girl longs for. Behind, it is cropped short like a boy's but in front it lies in little round golden curls on a very high forehead which, wisely, she makes no effort to conceal. She pushes her curls back with a gesture that is boyishly characteristic.

She has nice blue eyes and a short little nose with a mischievous tendency to turn upward. When she smiles she shows a row of even, white teeth and she does smile rather easily; though her face is serious, too. Pretty is too shallow a word to describe her; rather, she is good to look upon—a fine, attractive young woman, intelligent and alert. And she has an eager way—as when she walked to a window and stood there looking out—of holding her head as though she were facing the wind. It is a “flying look.”

“You really do look like Lindbergh,” I exclaimed. “Do you mind being called ‘Lady Lindy’?”

“Yes, I do. I dislike it very much. It's so silly! It's—well, it's just applesauce!” Her sincerity made me smile. The slang phrase made her seem very human.

When I went to see her she was hiding from reporters and all invitations, busily working on the book, *20 Hours, 40 Minutes*, in which she tells the story of the flight.

“How did you get interested in flying?” I asked her.

“In the most natural way in the world. I've always loved all outdoor sports—tennis, golf, riding, swimming—and flying is just another sport, the most thrilling one of all. I learned how when I lived in Los Angeles, which is the best flying country I know about because of the fine clear atmosphere. I did my first flying before I was twenty-one and I've been doing it off and on ever since.”

“But that isn't all you've been doing, is it?” I asked.

“Oh, goodness, no! I've earned my living for a long time, during which I've tried

By MARGARET NORRIS



Wide World

She has a “flying look,” as if she were one of those who are at home among the upper winds

almost everything—office work, teaching, nursing—but my real job is social work. I was in a settlement in Boston when I played hooky to fly the Atlantic. In this settlement I had a troop of young Syrian girls whom I was training to be Girl Scouts. When I came back to New York from my overseas flight I was made an honorary member of the Girl Scouts. I am very proud of that.”

Amelia Earhart is a college girl and gifted in many ways. She knows art, music and literature and has worked a little with all three; she has even written some poetry, she admits.

She is good at sports and interested in all activities which show love of life and abundant vitality.

While returning East from Chicago not long ago, she sat in the cab of the engine from Pittsburgh to Altoona, dressed in a pair of blue overalls, and watched the fireman drive the big locomotive. “I loved it!” she says.

Her life doesn't read like a fairy tale. Except for the story of her flight across the Atlantic and the applause that has followed, it is like that of many a girl. The opportunities are all things that she herself made happen.

“I was born in Atchison, Kansas,” she says. “My father was an attorney, and I have a mother and a younger sister who is now teaching in Medford, Massachusetts. When I was fourteen we moved to California and I've lived in Des Moines, St. Paul, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston—almost all over the map.”

“I was graduated from Hyde Park School in Chicago and went to Ogontz in Philadelphia, but I left in my senior year to become a nurse in the Canadian Red Cross. After the war I went to Columbia University for a pre-medical course, then back to Los Angeles where I learned to fly.”

“It's harder for a girl to learn to fly than for a boy, because a boy can join the army or the navy and get his aeronautic training free, while a girl must pay for hers. She must enroll in an aviation school where the course is necessarily expensive and if she wants a plane of her own—well, she has to buy it, that's all. I decided that somehow or other I would own a plane and in this my father promised to help me, but when he saw me actually flying, he grew frightened, said it was too dangerous. He didn't want me to

have my own airplane. So I decided to earn one myself.

"For this I did all sorts of odd jobs. I even worked in a telephone office and drove a heavy Mack truck—lots of other things. For if you want a thing badly enough to work for it, eventually you get it. When my mother saw how desperately in earnest I was, she helped me a little financially, and from time to time I have owned various planes, selling one to buy a better one.

"I have had more than five hundred solo hours of flying and at one time I held the woman's altitude record. And I believe so much in the future of flying that I am a vice-president of an aviation company."

Miss Earhart was the first woman to hold an international flying license. Only twenty-five women hold that license today. She didn't tell me that. She didn't tell me either that she is regarded by many authorities as the best woman pilot in America. I learned that from one of her friends. For she is so modest that few people had heard of her before she started on the long flight across the Atlantic.

Even now she is a little shy about talking about herself, and she has a way of stopping between sentences as if to wonder why people should be so interested in her.

"Have you been flying very long?" I went on to ask her.

"I flew for three years in Los Angeles," she said. "Then Mother's health began to fail; she couldn't stand the California climate so I came back East with her. I finished my course at Columbia, then we went to Boston where I taught, living at the famous Denison Settlement Center, where I changed from teacher to social worker. From here I ran away last June to fly across the sea in the *Friendship*."

Now comes the fairy tale part of the story, which has to do with the flight. It involves the story of the Honorable Mrs. Frederick Guest, the owner of the seaplane, *Friendship*.

Mrs. Guest is an American woman who, before her marriage, was Miss Amy Phipps of Pittsburgh. Her husband was not long ago Minister of Aviation in England. Being a great sportswoman and interested in aviation, Mrs. Guest bought a plane, the *Friendship*, built with three motors and pontoons so that it could land with comparative safety on sea as well as on land. It was a tri-motored Fokker plane of the type Commander Byrd had approved for overseas flying, a small but sturdy plane.

Mrs. Guest had planned to fly this plane to Europe herself, but when circumstances made this impossible she began to look about for some American girl pilot to take her place.

We can imagine that when aviators first told her about Amelia Earhart she must have thought, "Certainly this school teacher and social worker will not do. She's only a frail, shy girl, and to fly across the Atlantic takes daring and great and unwavering courage."

But perhaps when she met her, she realized that this slender girl did have daring and courage; perhaps she saw in her the look of one who is at home in the skies. At any rate she entrusted her plane, the *Friendship*, to her.

"When I saw the *Friendship* in its hangar," said Miss Earhart, "its great golden wings outspread; when I climbed into the cockpit and put my hands on the controls—well, it's nobody's business what I felt at that moment."

The flight was planned in secret and Amelia Earhart is a girl who can keep a secret. She didn't tell anyone, not even her mother and sister, until the day she was leaving Boston for Newfoundland, the first lap of the flight. Then she wrote them a letter, telling them of her coming adventure.

Wilmer Stultz was chosen pilot, for a man, it was realized, was needed. "Slim" Gordon was chosen mechanic and the three started off on what was indeed a great adventure. Everything went well from Boston to Newfoundland, where they stopped to refuel for the long dark three thousand miles across the Atlantic. Here they were delayed for three weeks by bad weather and all sorts of misfortunes. Before they could take off again they had to throw seventy-two gallons of precious gasoline overboard into the sea to lighten the load. Fuel was so closely rationed that, when they landed on the bleak coast of Wales after twenty hours and forty minutes of blind flying through the dense fog, they were on their last gallon of gasoline.

Amelia Earhart started on the flight with the ambition to be the first woman to pilot a plane over the ocean. But, of the twenty hours and forty minutes they were out, nineteen hours was in or over fog. It was flying of the most difficult kind, requiring piloting by instrument alone. Only a few pilots can both navigate and fly by instruments—and among them was Wilmer Stultz, pilot of the *Friendship*. So it happened that Miss Earhart took no turn at the controls on this trip.

"She might have thought of her own reputation rather than the flight's success," Lady Astor said of her, "but she didn't. She was content to be a mere passenger—something she never wanted to be—instead of risking the safety of the whole enterprise.

"To me, that was a thrilling exhibition of the finest qualities of any woman."

So, as the *Friendship* winged across the Atlantic, Amelia Earhart was wedged in between the gas tanks forward in the fuselage, where some warmth wafted back from the semi-heated cockpit; or she sat cross-legged on the floor of the aft-cabin beside the radio, and wrote in her log book. Some of the penmanship in that little book isn't so good, for often she wrote in darkness—the glare of the electric light might blind the pilot at the controls.

Here is one of the entries as she has copied it in her story of the flight: "My watch says 3:15. I can see dawn to the left and still a sea of fog. We are 6000 feet high and more. I can't read dial (altimeter). Slim and I changed places for awhile. All the dragons and serpents and monstrosities are silhouetted against the dawn—9000 feet to get over them. The two outboard motors picked up some water awhile ago—much fuss. At least 10,000 feet—13 hours 15 minutes on way."

Almost everyone knows the story of that flight; it has been told many times. The world followed it by radio, until the *Friendship's* radio stopped. Within twenty-four hours every city in the world had it in print on the news-stands.

At last a woman had succeeded in conquering the Atlantic by air.

Of course Amelia Earhart was lionized, almost as Lindbergh had been. At Mrs. Guest's home in London, she was besieged by curious thousands, by reporters and photographers and managers of great enterprises who offered her fabulous sums to appear in the movies, or vaudeville or to go on lecture tours. But she had a smiling "no" for all of them.

"I don't want to make money from this trip," she insisted. "I merely wanted to prove it could be done. Besides, I deserve none of the credit. That belongs to Bill and Slim. I was only a passenger, and gave them very little help."

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When she was a little girl

Simple Gifts You Can Make

By ELIZABETH KING

WITH CHRISTMAS just around the corner, the talk turns naturally to gifts. All sorts of questions are flung about—"What are you giving your mother?—I simply can't think of a thing for Harold! Do help me!—My father doesn't like knitted neckties. Can you give me some ideas?—What have you for Jane?"

When you are in a quandary, why not turn to boxes?

Gay and giddy boxes, small and large boxes, boxes for everybody—they all can be made so easily with a pot of paste and shears and paper. Others, of wood, may be painted in brilliant enamel



A case for a stamp book fits into a pocketbook or into the pigeonhole of a desk

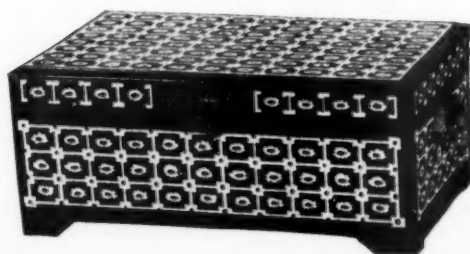
When an unexpected hole comes in a stocking, this gay box lends prompt first-aid



and decorated with cut-outs or stencils. Still others, more elaborate, are lovely in silk or cretonne, and the general principles for making them are the same as for making the paper-covered boxes that I'm going to tell you about.

The foundations for most of the boxes I shall describe can probably be found in your attic. Nearly everyone keeps some of the boxes that garb Easter and Christmas and birthday gifts. Others can be bought in the five-and-ten cent store. The coverings are made of paper of gay designs and colors. The kind that lines envelopes—if it isn't too fine a tissue paper—is excellent for smaller boxes, and scraps of wall-paper or the lovely colored sheets you can buy in art stores for covering portfolios and wrapping very special gifts may be used for larger sized boxes.

My first box is a small one, bought in the ever-helpful five-and-ten, filled with tiny spools of darning cotton of different shades. You can probably think of a half-dozen people to whom such a gift would appeal, for in these days of beige and flesh and atmosphere and cloud stockings



This is a cigar box painted a jolly red and decorated with bright figured paper

This colorful covered hatbox is lovely enough to hold anyone's very best hat



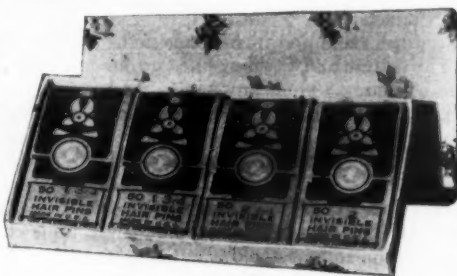
it's most convenient to have handy, in half a dozen different colors, the wherewithal to mend a rip in the seam or a small threatening hole. If you want to give an extra-special present, cover a box of hairpins or safety pins to match.

And now for the directions for making the box! In doing this sort of thing, I think almost everyone finds one way easier than another. I like to cut my paper as I go

along. You may want to fold it and cut it out before you begin. As to the method of sticking it on—glue, library paste, or rubber cement are equally good. The best for you is the one you are most accustomed to using. However, if I had all three, I'd use library paste to cover a cardboard box with

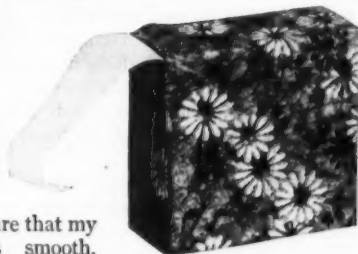
paper, glue to cover any box with silk or other material, and rubber cement to paste paper on an enameled box.

When I covered my box of darning cotton, the first thing I did, after getting together all the things I would



A flowered box of hairpins will please the owner of a growing bob

Paste a new jacket on a box of mending tape and behold, a gift!



need, was to make sure that my library paste was smooth. When it is too thick it is apt to go on in lumps and show badly through the paper covering, but a few drops of water and a good stirring—until the paste is the consistency of condensed milk—will prepare it for use.

After spreading a thin smooth layer of paste on, top of the box lid, I laid the paper on it, smoothing it out from the center. I did the same with the long sides of the cover, spreading the paste thin and smoothing the paper down

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Illustrations by Catharine Lewis



If your
Christmas party
flops
and even your
sprightly guests
murmur sadly

What Shall We Do?

—here are a few games that will preserve your reputation as a popular hostess or, better still, prevent the embarrassing question

A CHRISTMAS week party and not a thing going on! How terrible! Conversation droops like a flower in a warm room and there seems nothing to be done about it. The tedium and yawning must go on.

Why? Because the hostess doesn't know any games. And the guests, if they do know them, are politely waiting for her to make the first move.

This sounds a little like one of those advertisements that begin "Why was she a failure? Because she had only read as far as the L's in the encyclopædia and her dinner partner talked about mnemonics. He had just purchased our new and complete one volume edition and mastered it in a single night." You know the kind. But it is really true that the test of a good hostess and a successful party comes when the "How-do-you-do's" change to "What-shall-we-do's?". She ought to have something to suggest right away to keep the high expectations of her guests for a gay and rollicking time from dropping with a dull thud to the tips of their party slippers and the soles of their shining patent leather dancing pumps.

Now don't think for a minute that you must write out a complete program beforehand and have every second accounted for. If there is one thing worse than a "do-nothing" party it is one that is too highly organized. But it is a good idea to have in mind a few games to help break the ice. And, strangely enough—or perhaps not so strangely, after all—the simpler games have been found to be most amusing. And they are especially good around Christmas when even high school seniors feel like dropping their dignity overboard and entering into the carefree jollity that runs through the air at this season of the year.

You remember, don't you, the old game of *Musical Chairs*—some of us used to call it *Going to Jerusalem*—that was the prime favorite at all the birthday parties you

By MARGARET MOCHRIE

used to attend? Well, there's nothing in the world that can start an informal party off better. And you will

probably discover that Molly, who never failed to plump herself down in the last chair years ago when she wore smocked dresses and socks, has retained her talent or luck, or whatever you want to call it, to this day, and seats herself just as firmly when the last strains of music die away.

Another good game, perhaps not so well known as *Musical Chairs* is the one called *Tinkle Bell, Tinkle Bell*. It is advisable to move vases and lamps and precious antique chairs out of the way before beginning.

Tinkle Bell, Tinkle Bell

Blindfold all players except one and give that one, who plays the part of Tinkle Bell, a little bell to tinkle merrily wherever he or she goes.

The object of the game is for the blindfolded players to catch Tinkle Bell who must weave in and out among them and dodge them. Of course, they bump into each other, grab hold of some one else who is blindfolded and shout that they have Tinkle Bell, only to hear the merry tinkle, tinkle of the little bell somewhere else.

You know how interesting and exciting an auction of any kind is, how bidders vie with one another to secure the coveted rug or vase. Well, here is an auction game that is as much fun as a real sale.

Forfeit Auction

Before the party starts, write as many different forfeits as there are to be players on slips of paper and seal them in envelopes. When you are ready to play, announce your self or someone else as the auctioneer, and pass around

slips of paper for money—five or ten dollar notes. Each bidder should be given an even hundred dollars to spend.

The auctioneer raps the hammer for attention and announces that each envelope contains something of great value. Anyone may bid for one or more of the envelopes up to a hundred dollars, and no one must open his or her envelope until all of them have been sold out.

Then, "Going! Going! Gone!" over and over until all are sold.

Now is the time for the opening of the envelopes. And there is a look of surprise on everyone's face when it is discovered that the article of great value in each envelope is a forfeit—some stunt that the holder of the envelope must perform. Those who did not bid in an envelope are the watchers—their thrift has been rewarded—while those who purchased two forfeits are doubly punished for their extravagance, much to the others' amusement.

It probably won't be hard for you to invent forfeits that will be amusing for your particular crowd. But a few suggestions may help to start your ideas flowing. Here are a few that you may want to use at your party:

Paying Compliments: Compliment six different people in the room without once using the pronoun "I."

Giving Advice: Give each person in the room a piece of good advice.

Imitating Polly: Go to each person in the room and say, "If I were a parrot what would you teach me to say?" Then imitate the tones and actions of the one who answers the question.

Telling the Truth: Answer truthfully ten questions put by ten different people at the party.

An Emotional Show: Laugh in one corner of the room, cry in another, sing in another and dance merrily in another.

There is a game called *Magic Music* that is a whole evening's fun in itself. It is a favorite among lots of men and women as well as boys and girls, and all it needs is someone who can play the piano well enough to give the person who is "it" a hint as to what he or she is to do.

Magic Music

One player goes out of the room and the rest decide on something he is to do when he comes in—for example, take a flower from a vase and give it to a certain girl; open a magazine and start to read; straighten his necktie before a mirror. When he enters the room, the "magic music" begins, growing louder as he nears the object he is to touch and softer as he moves away from it, very loud as he picks up the book or flower and very soft as he begins to put it down again. In other words, the music leads him to do what has been decided upon. And,



"This valuable forfeit for only twenty-two—going, going, gone!"

although it sounds difficult, you will be amazed to discover the complicated things some people can be made to do.



The last musical chair—and Molly has it again

Knight of the Whistle

Someone who does not know the game is selected for the part of the Knight of the Whistle. He is requested by the leader, who represents the King, to kneel down in order that he may have the honor of knighthood conferred upon him; this ceremony consists of the other tapping him gently on each of his shoulders with his hand or a stick, and saying, "I dub thee Knight of the Whistle."

While the King is doing this as impressively as he can, another player secretly pins a piece of string about a foot long, which has a whistle tied to one end of it, to the back of the Knight's coat. When he has thus been properly knighted, the players swarm around him and the King pretends to hand a whistle to one of them; this one supposedly passes it to another, and so on. The King then tells Sir Knight that he must discover who has the whistle and to get it if he can.

This the Knight starts out to do, and, as he is searching the faces of the players in order to discern the one who has it, he hears it blown immediately behind him. He whirls round instantly, and though he may even catch the hands of the player who blew it, still the latter shows that they are empty. And so the game goes on, the players blowing the whistle tied to him at every opportunity until Sir Knight either surmises that he is the victim of a catch or else gives up in despair.

When you have tired of the more active type of game, why not try *Tops and Tails*, or *Ness* or *Categories*. The first two are especial favorites at parties in England.

Tops and Tails

The guests are seated around the room and the hostess starts the game with a two-syllable word, such as *England*. The person to her left must take the last syllable and make it the first syllable of another two-syllable word—*landlord*, for example. The next player says *lordship*, the next *shipshape* and so on. Anyone who cannot supply a word must drop out, and the player who stays in longest, is the winner of the game.

Ness

Each player is given a slip of paper and told to write on it the word ending in "ness" that fits each definition read aloud by the hostess. The one who has the largest number of "nesses" wins. The definitions should be clear but not so easy that everyone will easily guess the word

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Let's Talk about Christmas

THIS is the time of year when we wish we had second sight and two pocketbooks, when Christmas lists grow longer, the time before Christmas grows shorter and Christmas ideas fewer. I have heard people on the twenty-sixth of December vow to start immediately making lists to include all the perfectly lovely things they thought of too late for the present emergency—to take care of the one to come. But I know that few of them do carry out these good intentions, for I meet them around the next Christmas with the usual worried expressions.

Such lists would be valuable. They might include things that you hear people mention casually at odd moments during the year, when they do not suspect that their words are to be used against them, and so are not embarrassed by the fear of "hinting." They might also include those very constructive ideas you get from time to time in shops or other people's homes. You know how often you say to yourself in January or October, "Now that would be nice to give to Alice"—but by Christmas you have forgotten what it was and just have to wrack your brain for a substitute.

Some people seem always to feel badly at Christmas because they cannot afford to give as much as they would like. They should remember that giving is an art that is more dependent upon thought than money. The discretion with which a gift is selected and the way in which it is given are more important than the price you pay for it.

Aunt Ellen, for example, does not want you to spend a lot of money on a present for her. She has practically everything now that she wants and needs. But have you ever noticed how much she likes the way you make salted almonds?

Also, it would undoubtedly make Mrs. B. feel very uncomfortable if you attempted to show by a large gift how you appreciate all that she has done for you. But don't you think she would love a big armful of spicy evergreens that you brought yourself from the woods and tied with a red bow?

Often the little gift carries much more of the feeling of Christmas than does the elaborate one. And there are situations in which a letter, greeting card or cheery call are more appropriate than any gift, no matter how lovely.

Remember that giving implies a certain status of friendship or some social relation, if not intimacy. The gift should be gauged by this. It should never embarrass the receiver. Nor should it ever suggest in any way that it is given for value received or in the spirit of paying back. Its money value is negligible but it should be given in thoughtfulness, and gladness.

The purely decorative gift may give great pleasure but, unless you are sure it will, it is wiser to give something that you know can be of use. Some people like to collect things, and to them it is nice to give something that they can keep. Other people dislike possessions and prefer a gift that may be used up, enjoyed and discarded. Certain useful luxu-

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Illustrations by Katharine Shane

ries in wearing apparel come under the latter head, as do golf balls, bath salts, and candied orange peel.

It is more important to think about people's individual tastes

than it is to know just what "everybody is giving this Christmas." If you have a friend, for instance, who enjoys taking exquisite care of her clothes, for her you can find coat hangers and shoe-trees painted to match her room. Fat, padded hangers for soft dresses that get pulled out of shape on wooden hangers, and padded shoe-trees for evening slippers, are easily made at home. Slip-covers of chintz are a great addition to the clothes closet and so are boxes for shoes, subdivided and covered with wall paper. Standards for hats, such as milliners use for display are nice too, and one of the most acceptable presents to the girl who does not already own them is a set of brushes for clothes, hats and shoes, including the wire one for suede.

For anyone who likes to cook, some new gadget such as a toasting fork, a piece of cutlery with a colored handle to match the kitchen, or a fancy cookie tin for parties will give a great deal of pleasure. And to the outdoor girl, what look to you to be very ordinary bulbs, or just some new kind of seed, will seem tremendously interesting. Also, do not overlook the possibilities among books on special subjects, if you are dealing with some one who has a hobby. A new book about the stars or the birds or the technique of tennis may be so much Greek to you and somebody's else own language.

Did you ever try giving little luxuries to people who apparently do not care for them? This is something that must be done discreetly but that is often successful. Dad, who never buys himself really fine handkerchiefs, may be as pleased as your young brother with a nice one, beautifully monogrammed. Mother, who has always felt that she could not afford a frilly little bed-jacket, may be simply delighted with one that you make for her.

The wrapping of a gift is quite as important as the gift itself. You can easily depart from holly paper and red ribbons and make your gifts individual. Fancy papers are lovely, though expensive. Ordinary brown wrapping paper looks smart tied with several strands of colored yarn—blue and yellow, cerise and purple, or green and orange. Two layers of tissue paper in different pastel shades makes a dainty wrapping for a dainty gift.

You can tie it with a silver cord and a tiny bunch of silver bells, or with a fluffy bow of silver and colored tulle ribbon, or narrow ribbon or paper bands in different colors. Small baskets that come from the hardware store may be, painted gaily and packed with candy or jam or fruit, with a sprig of holly or ground pine tied to the handle. A home-made verse or Christmas card gives a personal touch, and if it is possible to carry your gift yourself and say "Merry Christmas," you will have done a lot toward endowing it with what is known as Christmas spirit.



The wrapping is quite as important as the gift itself

For what has happened so far
in this story see page fifty-seven



Jeanne stumbled; it was so funny to have one's feet on the ground—it wobbled about much more than the air

Chestnut Court

IT BELONGED to the de Pourtales family, but there are no more Pourtales now," Serena told Jeanne, who listened with sparkling eyes to the account of the Duchess' diamond. "The last of them went to America years ago and took the *Last Hope* with him. He was killed in some sort of accident, and the *Last Hope* vanished. They think it was cut up into four smaller diamonds and sold in that way because it was quite impossible to sell it in the ordinary market without all the world knowing. Daddy says there would have been a fuss had it been put up for sale, and Pourtales pretenders would have come from all over the place and claimed it for themselves. The book says there is no *Last Hope* now, and some American claims to have a bit of it."

"How very amazing," mused Jeanne. "Then your father doesn't think the Duchess' ring is real?"

"No," answered Serena. "He says that sometimes people get queer ideas into their heads, and he thinks that perhaps the Duchess might have been employed years ago in the Pourtales' family, and knows the real story, and pretends to herself that her ring is the *Last Hope*. She is often nearly starving and she would have been obliged to sell it, if it

By MABEL L. TYRRELL

Illustrations by Harve Stein

were of any value. I'm always intending to ask her how she got it in the first place, but somehow she always puts me off."

"I'll ask her tonight," exclaimed

Jeanne. "Or better still, you come down after you've washed up and we'll bring the conversation round to diamonds. I wonder if *Grand'mere's* in yet."

She went across to the window, opened it, and looked out. There was a light in her room, and Pierre was sitting on the floor putting some small objects into a box.

"What is he doing?" questioned Serena.

"I'm ashamed of him," burst out Jeanne. "Would you believe it?—after school he goes round to the smart hotels and asks everybody who looks like a foreigner to give him a cigarette. He says he's going to find the brother of that end which the *agent de police* picked up on the Duchess' floor. He seems to think that if he knows what country the cigarette comes from he'll just put out his hand and catch hold of the man in the yellow coat with red bumps on it."

Jeanne was very distressed at Pierre's behavior because, she said, it made him look exactly as if he were a beggar.

Serena cooked the supper with a fork in one hand and

the shorthand book in the other, but somehow the outlines became mixed up with parachutes and diamonds which made them more confusing than ever.

By the time her father returned she had thrown the book behind the cupboard, and decided to go into the jewel trade. She told her father her new plans during their evening meal.

"It's not like you Serena, to throw a thing up at the first difficulty," said Mr. Southcott.

"But shorthand's like nothing else in the world," explained Serena. "And I shall be obliged to do it in two languages, and the sounds won't be the same, and—"

"And I've paid the fees for the term," finished her father. "In my office there are lots of girls who do shorthand with the greatest of ease, and I am sure you ought to have as much brain as they. You are in too great a hurry; give the shorthand a chance to defend itself. Where is the book? Let me have a look at it."

"It's wedged in somewhere behind the cupboard," murmured Serena in rather a meek voice.

"Indeed?" said her father, and he did not appear at all surprised that a book should be in such a place. "If you always act before you think you'll get into trouble one of these days, Serena."

Serena laughed, but did not feel inclined to remove the book from its lodging, and Mr. Southcott remarked that he thought he had a cold; he knew his Serena too well to say any more about the shorthand. But directly he mentioned a cold Serena was all attention; she insisted on eucalyptus, camphor, hot lemon and water, and before she went down to the Dubois' flat she prepared lemon juice in a glass, filled the kettle, and wondered whether she would be a hospital nurse. At the back of her mind she was just a little worried about her father; he had not looked at all well for several days; he had deep rings under his eyes.

As soon as she entered the Dubois' room she knew that something had happened. There was that queer silence in the air which comes when several people have left off speaking suddenly. The Duchess was sitting rigidly in a chair, and for once Coco was silent; Jeanne was standing with her back to the window and looking straight in front of her; Pierre was eating a raw carrot defiantly, and Madame Dubois was darning stockings with energy.

"Good evening," remarked Serena cheerfully. "Isn't it warm tonight? Quite like spring." How convenient the weather was on these occasions!

"We're going to move," said Pierre, his mouth full of carrot. "We're leaving Chestnut Court."

"I must speak to Monsieur Delplace tomorrow and see if he will let us go at the end of the month," said Madame Dubois. "I was offered two little rooms today, and I could not let such an opportunity pass. I can't risk finding myself and my furniture on the pavement, and nowhere to go to."

"No, of course not," murmured Serena. "But—er—Monsieur Delplace would never turn you out, would he?"

"No, he would not," replied Madame Dubois, "but I cannot live where I cannot pay my rent."

There was an uncomfortable silence, broken a moment later by a wild, gay strain of music. "Why—is that Mon-

sieur de Villeroze?" asked Serena. "What's he up to?"

"Look at him through the blind," answered Jeanne. "He's like a madman. I think he must be practicing jazz because the restaurant won't have him any more unless he plays popular tunes."

A wild looking shadow was passing and repassing on the white blind which formed a bright oblong patch in an angle of the flats. The wooden shutters had long since rotted from Monsieur de Villeroze's window, and the blind might quite easily have been a coarse linen sheet, but it reflected the musician in a most grotesque fashion. His long hair was flying out from his head in points like a bird's wings, his thin legs resembled a compass which opened and shut angrily, and his violin seemed as if it would leap from his claw-like fingers as he tramped furiously up and down his one and only room.

"It's not exactly a dance tune yet it makes you want to dance," said Serena.

"Let's try," murmured Jeanne. "It's so lovely! Would you be cold Madame—Grand'mere—if I opened the window just a little bit?"

Neither objected, so Jeanne opened it, and the beautiful wild music, quite unlike anything that is termed jazz, came floating in, and it was all the two girls could do to keep pace with it. It nearly carried them off their feet, driving them round and round the room. The Duchess was perhaps a trifle scandalized because she had never seen such dancing, and neither girl knew what step she was doing. But the bitter expression of disappointment and despair left Jeanne's eyes, Serena laughed because she felt that her feet were running away from her and, when the music stopped suddenly in the middle of a frantic scale of notes, both girls leaned against the wall breathless, and shaking with mirth.

"What is he doing?" panted Jeanne. "Did it sound to you like an ordinary violin? My dear—it seemed to me enchanted!"

"It's the dance of the chestnut tree on a wild night when nobody can see it," said Pierre. "It's supposed to be dancing with the wind and rain and lightning. He told me about it the other day and it sounds just like that."

"Shut the window," said Madame Dubois. "Monsieur de Villeroze is in a bad temper, that's what it is."

"It sounds something like the old Greek god Pan playing on his pipes in the woods," murmured the Duchess. "It was very wonderful music."

"Shut the window," repeated Madame Dubois who acknowledged that she had no ear for music and certainly did not like that of the erratic musician.

Serena obeyed reluctantly, but in doing so she stretched out her hand and caught hold of one of

the branches of the Chestnut Tree. It was sticky and, hardly conscious of what she was doing, she broke off the end of the twig. By the light of the one electric bulb she saw a little brown bud lying in her palm—a beautiful bud, just about to burst open, and revealing through its red-brown coat a streak of the tenderest, palest green. The chestnut tree had braved the winter once more, and was ready for the spring and the gentle days that followed.

"Jeanne!" she cried. "Shut your eyes tight and hold out-

A New Serial

By
?

It is the best story for girls written this year. It is a prize story, in fact, selected from the hundreds that have been submitted in *The American Girl-Harper Girl's Book Contest* by authors who know just how to write the things girls love to read.

What is it about? Who wrote it? That will be announced soon by the contest judges. And the story is

Coming in 1929!

There on the polished surface of the grand piano was a little gray leather jewel case. It was open. Inside was something which looked like—

your hand!" "Horror!" exclaimed Jeanne, because for a moment she could not guess what that sticky thing was. "Oh—the chestnut tree's in bud again!"

But Serena, not waiting to say good-night to anyone, was clattering up the stairs to retrieve the shorthand book from behind the cupboard. Everything was beautiful again. Monsieur de Villeroze was a great musician, the Duchess would find her ring, Jeanne would become the leading light of Paris and make gowns for queens, and she, Serena Southcott, would be private secretary to the Prime Minister of England, or the President of France.

But for Jeanne, the chestnut tree's buds brought sadness. Had not her grandmother announced that they must move, and leave Chestnut Court and its familiar faces? But need they leave? Jeanne's lips tightened as she thought of a way out—of a means of earning money. And before she slept that night, she had made up her mind to seek out her friend who tested parachutes and to get an introduction from her to the people at the aviation field.

So it was that on a bright morning in March Jeanne Dubois waited her turn in a bare shed on the aviation ground outside Paris. She had never felt so strange in all her life. She felt a little giddy, but she was not afraid. And she had never really meant to do this thing!



—the Duchess' ring! Serena gripped the chair, the walls seemed to swim around her, and she heard Mr. Porter's footsteps returning

Chestnut Court thought she was looking for employment, for Jeanne had told nobody—not even Serena—of her decision, and of her trip one day to the aviation field, where she had watched her friend swing from the blue Heavens to the green earth like a seed with a wing fluttering in the breeze. Then she had interviewed a kindly man who told her that unfortunately he could not employ her for the testing of parachutes as he seldom took outsiders.

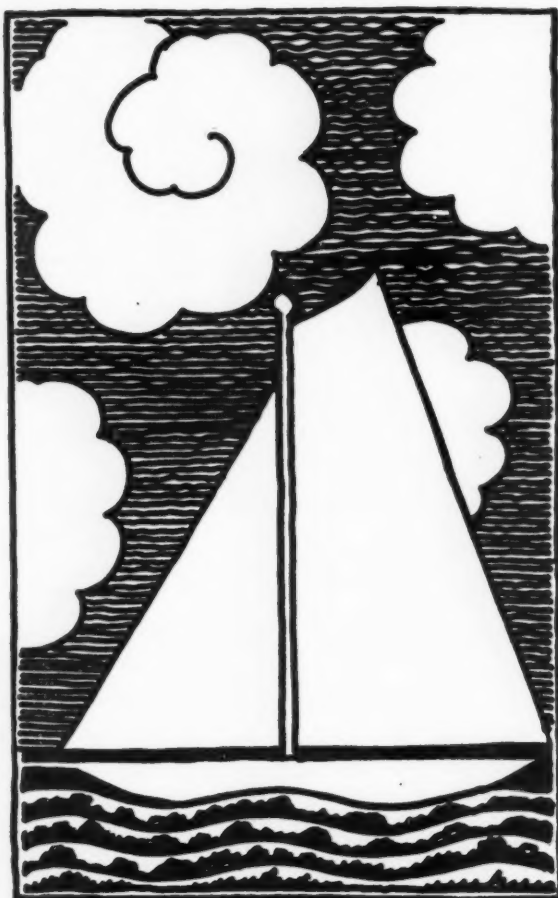
But he counted without the influenza epidemic. For the following day Jeanne's friend was in bed with a high temperature, and before Jeanne could quite realize what had happened she found herself pledged to take the girl's place.

Luckily it had happened so quickly that Jeanne had not had too much time to think, and she was perfectly calm and collected as she waited in the hangar and watched an airplane circling in the bright sky.

The great field with its coarse, trodden grass stretched before her; there was the hum of engines on every side; sometimes the noise was deafening, sometimes a pleasant murmur, and men in blue overalls ran hither and thither like ants.

"I am going to have tea with Serena," thought Jeanne to herself. "I am going to meet Serena in the Luxembourg

(Continued on page 52)



A bright ship on an azure sea—here is an idea for a batik wall panel

DO YOU want a lovely batik scarf to wear under your sober winter coat or to give to your best friend for Christmas, or a handkerchief to brighten your woollen school dress? Or perhaps you would be more interested in having a panel to cover that bare spot on the wall of your bedroom or to hang over the fireplace in your Girl Scout troop room.

Expensive, you say? Yes, batik work is expensive, but not if you do the dyeing yourself. And you *can* do it successfully if you have a sense of color and design and are careful about following accurately the directions as to method that I am going to give you.

The Javanese, who have dyed their beautiful *sarongs* as far back as there is any record of Java, produce beautiful results with much less in the way of equipment than we have here in America. But they have two of the most important things necessary for good batik dyeing—patience and care. If you are hurried in heating and applying the wax to your material or in washing your dyed scarf or shawl or whatever it is you are making, you cannot expect to turn out an attractive article. Of course, after you have finished your first piece of batik, the second will seem to go more quickly and easily and you will soon feel the satisfaction that comes when you do anything well and successfully.

A few years ago, a rage for batik swept the country. Dresses, table covers, scarfs, handker-

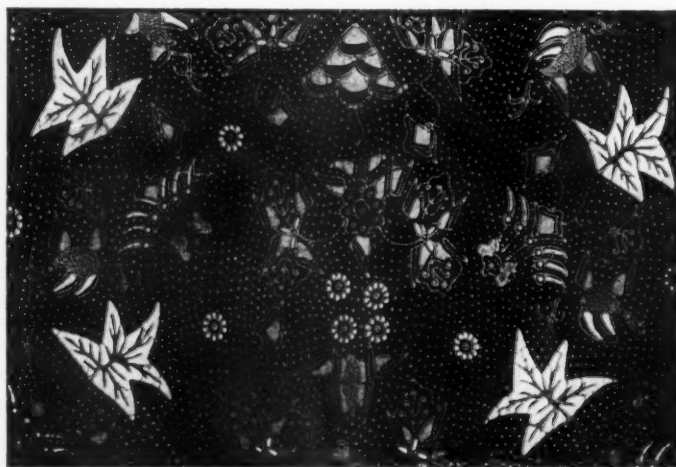
When You Dye

*Here is an age-old art, begun on
adopt for your own and help solve*

chiefs and lamp shades were turned out by the thousands. But the people of Java, whose work is distinguished by rich coloring and soft texture and wonderfully executed designs, would never have recognized in some of them their own method of dyeing. Some American dyers adopted a method of painting on their dyes, producing a crude-looking batik of sharp lines, without the soft, crackled effect that comes from breaking up the wax when the material is dipped in a dye bath. These dye-painted materials are usually in barbaric colors, which distinguishes them from the finest batiks made by the Javanese or the most expert Europeans and Americans. Nearly all of the best examples of batik are in two colors only, or one dye on a faintly colored background, or variations in shade of one color. The photograph on this page, for example, is of a real Javanese batik and the colors are dark blue and a soft shade of brown with bits of the ivory white of the material showing in parts of the design and in the dots.

The designs the Javanese use are built, for the most part, around nature subjects—flowers, trees, birds, animals—and they are worked out in intricate detail. American and European artists have added geometric figures and formalized patterns to their array of batik designs, and these are the kind I am suggesting that you use, because they wax more easily than the smaller patterns and are more suitable to the things you will probably make.

The design of the ship and sky and sea is for a wall panel. It may be made large or small, as you choose, but it should follow the same proportions as the design I have drawn for you. This sea design would be lovely in a sea blue done on a soft ivory or gray-white material. The square design is for a handkerchief—either a large one to wear around the neck or a small one to carry. Do not try to use too many colors here or you will have a blotchy effect. The third design I have drawn is for a modern scarf—one of the long ones that are about eighteen inches wide and a yard and a half or so long. This would be lovely shading from yellow to copper or red-brown, or in tones of green or blue. You may copy these designs, if you like, enlarging



This Javanese design was based on tropical plants and worked out in detail

Your Own Batik

By ILONKA KARASZ

*an Oriental island, that you may
your Christmas gift problem*

them with a pantograph, or—and that is much better still—use these designs merely as suggestions and originate your own.

The best material to use for batik dyeing is a silk that is the same on both sides; a fine quality China silk is very good. The Javanese always treat their material with oil before it is dyed so that none of their batiks have a dead white background, but it will simplify matters for you if you buy your silk in an ivory shade or a warm, pale pastel shade. Besides the silk you will need two brushes for applying the wax, one a hair oil brush for fine lines, and the other a Japanese ink brush for wide lines. Be sure and buy good brushes; they are not very expensive, and they count for so much in the success of your work. The Javanese put on wax with a little instrument called a *djonting*, which has a small bowl to hold the hot wax and a spout through which it runs onto the material. Modernized *djontings* may be bought at art stores, but they are high priced and really not essential for you to have.

Beeswax is another necessary item of batik equipment—not paraffin, because it cracks too easily and may produce blotches. And you will want batik dye of the color or colors you have selected. You can buy these at an art store, or a department store. You will need also an alcohol burner and a small graniteware pan for melting the wax, a few ounces of acetic acid to set the dye, a large pan for the dye bath, and a cake of good Castile soap and a quart of gasoline for washing out the dyed batik.

The first thing to do in batik dyeing is to cut your silk to the required size for the handkerchief, scarf, panel or whatever you are making, and to hem the edges. Then, with the material flat on the table or floor, sketch in the design in pencil. The pencil lines should not be too heavy, but they must be clear enough to follow when the wax is put on.

When the design is completed, stretch the silk on an embroidery frame, if it is a small piece, or on a curtain frame, if it is a large one, to hold it firm for waxing. If you have no frames, you may stretch your silk flat on a table, fastening the upper edge with thumb tacks and weighting the lower edge with a wooden shade roller to pull the material taut over the table. Or perhaps you can stretch it between two tables. It is always better if there is a space under the material when the wax is applied, but if this is impossible, be sure you have plenty of tissue paper laid flat under the silk to keep the wax from sticking.

The beeswax should be melted over a flame that can be adjusted



This may be a neckerchief, handkerchief or a square to hang on the wall

so that it keeps an even temperature. When it is entirely melted, brush some of it lightly over the design that is to remain undyed. Do not overload your brush, for most silk tends to blot, and the wax runs outside the lines of the design if too much is applied.

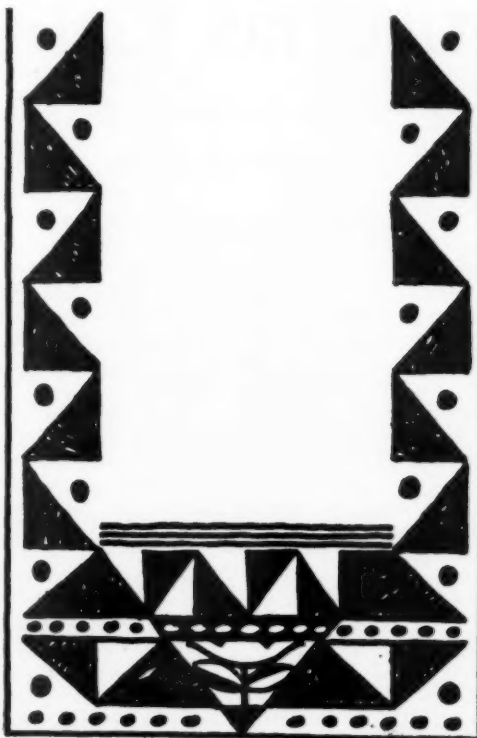
Here is a word of warning! Beeswax can give very severe burns, so be very careful when you are using it. Be particularly

sure not to allow cold water to drop into the hot wax, as it may bubble up and spatter. It is best, when you are dyeing and waxing, to have your troop captain or your mother in the room, and to see that all small brothers and sisters are kept outside away from alcohol flames, dye baths and such dangerous things.

For a one-dye batik, that is, a batik that is to be dipped only once, only one application of wax is needed. While the wax is drying, prepare the dye bath by dissolving a tablespoonful of dye in a cup of cold water, bringing it to a boil, and then, when it is cool, adding a gallon of cold water. This makes a medium shade of whatever color you use. If you want a darker or lighter shade, increase or decrease the amount of dye. Add a teaspoonful of acetic acid to the bath, and it is ready for the silk.

Before dyeing your article, dip it into clear lukewarm water, because wet material takes dye faster than dry. The cooler this water is the more the wax will crackle. Test the dye with a

(Continued on page 58)



This design of triangles and circles is effective on a scarf



The round box at the left holds stuffed dates, prunes and figs laid in circles but patties pack better in square boxes

Christmas Candies

Make them for your holiday parties or for gifts—packed in gay boxes and tied with bright-colored paper and Christmas ribbons

CHRISTMAS is candy time, and what could be a nicer gift to any of your friends

with a sweet tooth than a box of home-made confections, done up in bright paper and tied with a frivolous tulle or silver bow! Plump figs and dates stuffed with creamy fondant, delicate little balls of sweetness as smooth to the tongue as silk is to the fingers, flat, deliciously flavored patties in pastel colors—you can imagine what a good time you will have making all these and what a delight they will be to those to whom you give them or who eat them at one of your parties.

Do you remember the time you made your first candy? It was taffy, perhaps, and you pulled and twisted the long brown strands until they were golden yellow. It was fun, wasn't it, and your first batch of fudge was fun, too, even though it *did* refuse to harden and you had to eat it from the pan with a spoon.

But we are apt to forget that there are other kinds of candy besides fudge and taffy, or to regard them—especially fondant—as too difficult for us to try. But fondant really isn't, if you follow the rules exactly and, since it is the basis of all sorts of candies and stuffed fruits and keeps for a long time in a glass jar, it is one of the most con-

By WINIFRED MOSES

venient and economical candy recipes there are, and it is fun to make.

Fondant, like fudge, should be creamy, and so smooth that the grains of sugar can scarcely be felt in the mouth when it is eaten. To get it just right, you must use the proper equipment, and first and most necessary among the things you need is a candy thermometer.

One of the most important things in making good candy is to be able to test accurately the boiling sirup, so that you know just the right moment to take it from the fire. The cold water method of testing by dropping some boiling sirup into a glass of water to see whether it makes a hard or soft ball is not sure, as many of us can testify after having had a batch of fudge go grainy and hard. Of course, long experience may be able to teach a cook just how soft a soft ball for creamy candy should be and just the degree of hardness necessary for a hard ball before taffy can be considered cooked. But in the long run, it is cheaper, easier and safer to have a candy thermometer.

There are two kinds of thermometers to choose from: one, the regular candy thermometer; and the other, the chemical. The first has a metal back and can be hung over the side of the kettle. It, however, is difficult to clean

and cannot be used for small amounts of candy. The second is of glass and must be held in the hand during the testing process. Although it is easily cleaned by wiping with a damp cloth, it also is easily broken. But it may be used for small amounts of candy, which is a decided advantage.

Another important item in candy making is the saucepan. It may be of aluminum, copper, agate, enamel or tin, but it should be smooth and it must be large enough so that the sirup does not boil over. For measuring, you will need a standard tablespoon, teaspoon, and a measuring cup, and a wooden spoon, which is better for stirring and beating than one of metal. Two spatulas, a narrow and a wide one are needed when one is making fondant—the wide one to scrape and mix the fondant and the narrow one to keep the wide one clean. A pancake turner may take the place of the wide spatula and a case knife, of the narrow one. Shallow pans are needed for fudge and brittles, but fondant may be cooled on a marble slab or the clean enameled top of a kitchen table.

Here is a fondant recipe, which may be used as a foundation for all sorts of candies.

Fondant

1 cup granulated sugar
¾ cup water
1 tablespoon corn sirup

¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
¼ teaspoon of lemon juice or
¼ teaspoon vinegar

If you are using a thermometer, test it first by boiling some water in a saucepan, and putting in the thermometer. Keep the eye level with the top of the mercury, and note the temperature at which the water is boiling. Water, as you know, is supposed to boil at one hundred degrees Centigrade or two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit. But thermometers are affected by the weather, by their height above sea level and sometimes the thermometer itself is not quite accurate. If, when the water boils, the mercury registers ninety-nine instead of one hundred degrees Centigrade or two hundred and eleven instead of two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit, you must take this discrepancy into account when you are testing your sirup.

Next, measure the ingredients of the recipe into a saucepan. Put the saucepan over the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved—this is to prevent burning. The sirup must not be stirred again during the cooking process. Remember this, for it is very important. Cover the saucepan and let the sirup cook three minutes. If you are using double the recipe, you may let it cook five minutes. The steam that is formed on the sides of the pan dissolves any

crystals and the drops run down into the sirup. At the end of three minutes, remove the cover. If you wish to be doubly sure that there are no crystals on the side of the saucepan, dip a clean pastry brush in water and carefully wash around the inside of the pan just above the top of the boiling sirup until every crystal is washed off. If you haven't a pastry brush, wrap the tines of a fork with a strip of clean cheese-cloth and tie it in place with a cord and use this as a swab to wash down any crystals. The reason I am placing such emphasis on this washing down is that if these crystals are left and drop back into the sirup after it is cooked, they form a little nucleus around which other crystals form and that makes a grainy fondant. The tendency to the formation of crystals is lessened if the sirup cooks slowly, so that there is less spattering against the sides of the pan.

Now put in the thermometer. For a fondant, the sirup should cook to one hundred and fifteen degrees Centigrade or two hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit. Remember here, to take into account the number of degrees your thermometer was off when you tested it. When the sirup has reached the desired temperature, remove it instantly from the fire. If it has gone above the desired temperature, add a little water—this lowers the temperature again—and recook until it again climbs to the right temperature.

If you haven't a thermometer, drop a little of the sirup from the tip of a spoon into a glass of ice cold water and gather it together with the tips of the fingers. If it forms a soft ball, the sirup is done. This method, of course, is not so accurate as a thermometer, but with care it makes a satisfactory test.

Allow the sirup to stop bubbling, then pour in a thin stream onto a clean, smooth surface, either an enamel table, a marble slab, or a clean platter. Let the mixture cool to forty-three degrees Centigrade or one hundred degrees Fahrenheit or until the surface wrinkles when you touch it with the tip of your finger. Then, with your spatula or pancake turner, begin to work it back and forth, always gathering it in from the edges towards the center. When it begins to turn white, scrape every bit into a ball. Take this ball into your hands and knead it until it is smooth and without lumps. Wrap this in waxed paper and put it into a glass jar. Put the cover on and clamp it down and set the jar away for several days or even for two or three weeks. The fondant requires this time to ripen, like the fruit cakes we talked about last month, so, if you want your candies to be ready by Christmas, you had better get your fondant prepared soon. You may make several batches of fondant. It is easier to handle it this way than to try to make three or four times the recipe at one time.

(Continued on page 62)



Here you see the utensils you will need for making fondant—patty tins, thermometer, wooden spoon, pastry brush, spatulas and all the rest



Here are the members of the Girl Scout Convention at Colorado Springs—if you look closely, you



Mrs. William H. Hoffman, who is our new president

The Trail of the

The Girl Scouts journeyed into the land of Kit trail of those who had gone into the mountains new mountains for Girl Scouts to climb and of

ANOTHER covered wagon has gone out across the prairies. Another group of pioneers has journeyed across the plains to the Rockies.

These were Girl Scout leaders from the South and North and East and Middle West—pioneers, too, because they are facing the future with hopes and plans and determination to carry through. There was only a little group in the special car which left New York; but at Albany, New England boarded the train; at Rochester and Buffalo and Cleveland and Chicago, Girl Scout leaders from the North and East came on—and from the South and Middle West—until it was a long cavalcade that steamed across Iowa and Kansas and into Colorado. At the stations there were bands of Girl Scouts, too, come to the train to wish their captains and commissioners and directors goodbye, and to sing Girl Scout greetings to the people in the trains.

The Girl Scout caravan Goes to Colorado Springs

This caravan went so quickly, so safely, so comfortably across the wide plains. Perhaps, if one could have looked far enough across the grain fields, one might have seen the ghosts of old campfires, one might have imagined a solitary sentinel on guard over an encampment of tired pioneers who had come painfully over those never-ending plains. Perhaps if one had listened at dawn, when in the first early light the rose and purple glory of Pike's Peak raised itself from the sandy plateau, one might have heard echoes of long-ago cheers of men and women and boys and girls to whom that

peak had represented the end of a long and hard trail, the site of a new home.

And the spirit of those sturdy adventurers seemed to animate all the doings of the Convention. Certainly it was present at the welcome which the Girl Scouts of Colorado Springs gave on the opening day. For they told, in a spirited and bright-colored pageant, the story of their state. Here, in The Garden of the Gods, against a magnificent background of red cliffs, the Girl Scout leaders saw, first, the Indians in a ceremonial dance—beautifully done by the Boy Scouts; later the Spaniards from Mexico, who were the owners of that country and who had explored it when the Declaration of Independence was being signed on the eastern seaboard, the trappers, the explorers, the scouts, the covered wagons, the gold seekers, all passed by like figures on a brightly woven tapestry.

The Convention opens

With the thought of girls from all the world

And the next morning it was with this picture of the brave and gallant people who had come that way before, that the convention opened. It was an impressive sight that I wish every Girl Scout could have shared. At a little dais at the end of a long room sat the members of our National Board, Mrs. Choate, presiding for Dean Arnold who could not be present, Miss Julia Hamp and Miss Margaret Wells of Colorado Springs there to welcome the Convention, and down the aisle, the national flags of all the countries who were present at the World Camp at Budapest, carried by Girl Scouts of Colorado Springs.

"Who are you who come bearing the flags of foreign countries?" asked Miss Margaret Wells from the stage. And Miss Sarah Howells, who headed the band of flag bearers, answered:

"The game of Girl Scouting is played under many flags. We would not have you forget the breadth and the growth of this great adventure. For this reason we have come to bring greetings to your conference from the foreign countries where Girl Scouting and Girl Guiding flourish."

Then as the name of each country was called, the Girl Scout who carried that flag took it forward to the stage. After *When'er You Make a Promise* had been sung, Miss Wells said again:

"And because an American woman brought Girl Scouting to this country and because today we are meeting on American soil to carry on her plan, we will join in singing the song whose words were inspired by the view from Pike's Peak which looks down upon us here."

So with the thought of Juliette Low



The Holly and Daisy Troops of Tulsa, Oklahoma, played Santa to the hospital children



will find your commissioner or director or leader, as well as the members of our National Board

Covered Wagon

Carson for their convention; they followed the for gold—and they brought away a vision of finer things than gold that we may find there

in their minds, and the mountains against the sky outside the wide windows, the big assembly sang:

"Oh beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!"

And the Girl Scout Convention had begun.

What shall we do next?

The Convention makes plans for next year

That moment, packed with so many emotions that each person's throat was tight, was followed by much that was good and memorable.

There were telegrams of greeting from Dean Arnold, and from Mrs. Hoover, who could not be present this year.



These Brownies and others in Philadelphia attended a party at the Manufacturers' Club

There were departmental meetings when all the various ways of doing things were discussed; there were reports of the excellent things that the Girl Scouts are accomplishing in all the cities and towns; there were discussions and plans for the future. Mrs. Choate told the Convention about the plans of the Juliette Low Memorial Fund; Mrs. Hartt told of the International Conference at Budapest; Mrs. Frederick Edey told of how Girl Scouting was carrying on up and down the length and breadth of the land; Mrs. Brady told of the Girl Scout finances; Mrs. Walter Rothschild told of plans for Girl Scout camps; Miss Llewellyn Parsons told of the training of the Girl Scout leader.

There were jolly evenings of folk dancing and games and singing; there was the evening when Mrs. Rippin told about her trip to Budapest; when Mrs. Choate told stories of Juliette Low.

We say farewell

To our departing president

There was that impressive moment on the last day of the Convention when Mrs. Hoffman was invested as the new President of the Girl Scouts. She had been unanimously elected to succeed Sarah Louise Arnold. There is much gratitude in the hearts of Girl Scouts for Dean Arnold, and regret at bidding her farewell. We have all loved her so much. She has been so gentle a leader that the Girl Scouts have been glad to follow her into the happy ways she pointed out; and so wise in her guidance and so just and so courageous that we owe much of our growth and accomplishment to her leadership. Dean Arnold has given much to us, and our happy good wishes, our love and our sincere gratitude go with her, and we know that she will think of us often even if she cannot be with us, as we should like.



Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, chairman of our board

We welcome our new president

Mrs. William H. Hoffman of Rhode Island

If we are sad at losing Dean Arnold, we are also glad that Mrs. Hoffman has become our president. We of THE AMERICAN GIRL know and love Mrs. Hoffman. She has been our Chairman for five years. She has helped us in so many of our difficulties; she has made so many things possible for us and for all Girl Scouts. "Our Mrs. Hoffman," the Girl Scouts of Rhode Island call her with pride and affection. "Our Mrs. Hoffman," AMERICAN GIRL readers say of her, because they know the fine things she has done for the magazine. "Our Mrs. Hoffman," all of the Girl Scouts of the United States may now say of their new president.

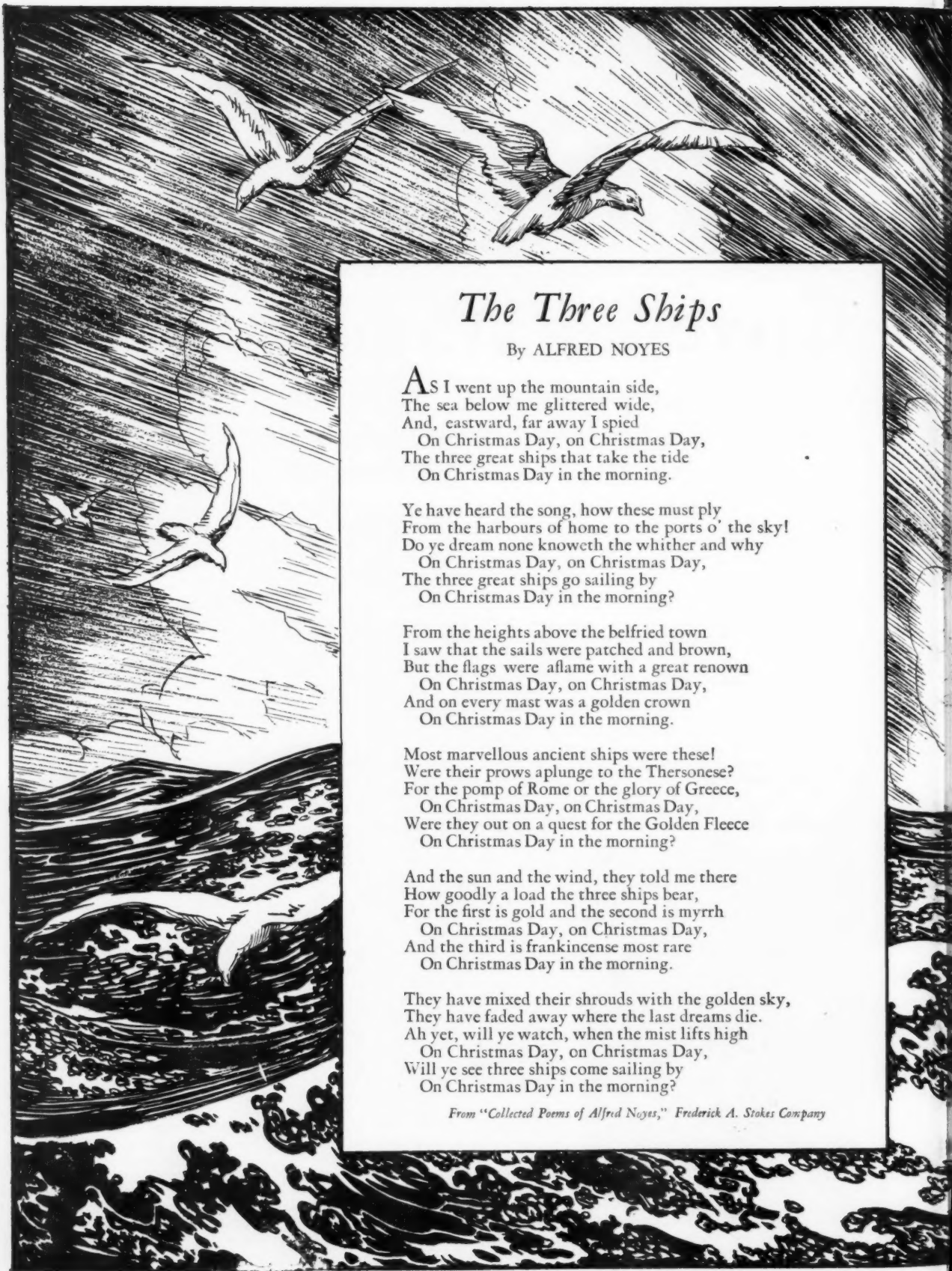
What of the girls of today?

How shall the girls themselves answer?

And always on the skyline were the rugged mountains, and unspoken in everyone's mind was the thought that as Girl Scouts we must be worthy successors of the brave people who had won our country for us.

It was Dr. Aurelia Reinhart of Mills College who put that unspoken thought into words for all of us. She was talking about girls of today, of how—because of the labor saving machinery that is about us everywhere—we all have so much leisure, so many ways to enjoy ourselves. "Girlhood!" she said. "What a wonderful generation it is! I suppose the world was never gay, was never more hilari-

(Continued on page 41)



The Three Ships

By ALFRED NOYES

AS I went up the mountain side,
The sea below me glittered wide,
And, eastward, far away I spied
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
The three great ships that take the tide
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Ye have heard the song, how these must ply
From the harbours of home to the ports o' the sky!
Do ye dream none knoweth the whither and why
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
The three great ships go sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning?

From the heights above the belfried town
I saw that the sails were patched and brown,
But the flags were aflame with a great renown
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And on every mast was a golden crown
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Most marvellous ancient ships were these!
Were their prows aplunge to the Thersonese?
For the pomp of Rome or the glory of Greece,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Were they out on a quest for the Golden Fleece
On Christmas Day in the morning?

And the sun and the wind, they told me there
How goodly a load the three ships bear,
For the first is gold and the second is myrrh
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And the third is frankincense most rare
On Christmas Day in the morning.

They have mixed their shrouds with the golden sky,
They have faded away where the last dreams die.
Ah yet, will ye watch, when the mist lifts high
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Will ye see three ships come sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning?

From "Collected Poems of Alfred Noyes," Frederick A. Stokes Company





This rare bit of winter beauty was caught by Dorothy E. Urick of Meadville, Pennsylvania

The Glacier Left Its "Card"

WHEN I was preparing for the Rock Finder's test, one of the requirements of which is to visit and describe some place of geological interest, I learned about an esker in one of our city parks, Hadwen Park.

This esker runs north and south through the park for about a quarter of a mile. It is said to be the finest example in the United States. It is narrow at the crest and is composed of gravelly and sandy drift, deposited by a stream in association with glacier ice, ages and ages ago. The top of the ridge is flat, and wide enough for four or five persons to walk abreast. At one end it is thirty feet high with a narrow crest, the sides sloping down at sharp angles. An examination of a hundred pebbles taken at random from one of the cuts, showed fifty-seven to be of Worcester phyllite; twenty-five of granite; eight, schist; seven, gneiss; and three, quartz. As we walked on the top of the ridge, we examined the rocks and found that many of them had a round shape as the result of ages of grinding and shaping and rolling by glacier and stream. —RUTH E. MANNING, *Dogwood Troop Fourteen, Worcester, Massachusetts.*

Star Legends

While at Camp Kiwanis, near Comport, Texas, many of us decided to get our Star Finder's Badge. A night while we looked for the Dippers, Scorpio, the Crab, and the Sickle, our star councillor told us star legends. Here is one:

The Scorpion is supposed to be responsible for the deserts and the black people, according to the Greeks. When Phaëthon, Apollo's son, drove his father's chariot, the sun, around its course, it reached out its fearful stinger, and

frightened him so that he let loose the reins and stood in the chariot. Zeus, in anger, knocked him overboard with the mighty thunderbolt, which scorched the earth and made the people black. —MARGARET FOSTER, *Troop Four, San Antonio, Texas.*

Alura

Out through the fragrant pine woods,
Slim-shadowed, silent,
Scarce touching the velvet floor,
Scarce brushing the needled boughs,
The faint, frost air scarce stirring,
Light-footed, dances Alura.

Silver the misty moon-world,
Silver the night, the air—
Silver the song of the stars,
And bending beneath them,
Slim in the cloud of her hair,
Light-footed, dances Alura.

Close on the frost of thy footsteps,
Moon-sprite, fairy illusion,
Up to the singing stars, though little thou
knowest, Alura,
With hands cupped to catch the moonlight,
The dizzy elixir of moonlight,
I follow thee nightly, Alura!

POLLY HARRIS

NOTE: Polly Harris, a Girl Scout, and the writer of *Alura* and many other lovely poems, has died since she sent this contribution to THE AMERICAN GIRL. She lived in Atascadero, California.

Drama in the Firmament

One night I watched the celestial games from my earthly grandstand with my powerful glasses, imagination. The arena was bowl-shaped, with beautiful rich dark blue walls. Hundreds of celebrities, besides many other people, strolled or stood about, dressed in brilliant rainbow colors, no two alike.

In one corner of the arena Orpheus softly played his jeweled lyre, accompanying Jupiter, Mars, Saturn and Uranus as they serenaded vivacious Venus. Saturn was confident of winning her, for around his finger he twirled a ring which no king was rich enough to buy. Cepheus and Cassiopeia, enthroned in the place of

honor, were the royal judges. Overhead Aquila was in hot pursuit of Cygnus.

The feature of the evening was the bull-fight between the toreador Orion and Taurus. Orion's weapon was his golden sword. Taurus used his gilded horns and hoofs. His red eye flashed with his mighty wrath. Orion was wounded in his left shoulder. As he became hard-pressed, his dogs barked, but uselessly, while Pegasus waited to come to his rescue if necessary. —ANN WILLCOX, *Troop One, North Norwich, N. F.*

Stars

It happened one night at campfire. We were seated about singing our old songs when our attention was called to the eastern horizon where we saw a shooting star with a beautiful long blue tail.

Then our star stories followed and we talked about and told many Indian and Greek legends. The most interesting stories were about the Great Bear. Many years ago when the world was young, the sky was made of glass. An old Indian Chief went hunting and shot a bear, so large that there was no place big enough for him on earth. Therefore, the Big Chief pinned him up in the heavens. The stars you see are the nails which hold the bearskin up.

According to Greek mythology, there was once a beautiful woman named Aries, whom Jupiter changed into a brown bear. She wandered through the woods for many years and one day her son, now a mighty hunter, pursued her. Jupiter saw the chase and, lest the son kill the mother, placed them both in the heavens as the Great and Little Bears. —LINA BALFOORT, *Albany, New York.*



Fording a stream is great fun, say Barbara Lawrence of Troop Three, Melrose, Massachusetts, and her friend—and it is!

Amelia Earhart

(Continued from page 20)

But she was a passenger in her own plane and generous enough not to play pilot although she longed to be, because she felt someone else could play the rôle with superior skill.

"No, I wasn't scared," she said, "even though there was only one hour of the entire flight when we could see either the sky or the sea. Bill did the navigating entirely by instrument. It takes a fine pilot to do that. But I knew he was the best in the world. So I just sat in the fuselage and kept the log. We couldn't talk above the roar of the engines."

"And when your book is finished, what are your plans?" I asked. "Will you return to social work? Wouldn't that seem rather tame?"

"Well, of course, that's my job."

"But haven't you been offered dozens of others?"

"That's the funny part, I have." Again the modest Miss Earhart.

But about one thing she is quite willing to talk—women in aviation; what they can do for the industry, how they can help to promote it.

"What do you think of flying as a career for women?" I asked. "Is there anything special about flying that a girl—except an unusual one—cannot do?"

"No," she answered. "A girl may have the qualities to make a good pilot just as readily as a boy will have them. Of course, as I said before, the training is more expensive for a girl than for a boy."

"Flying isn't a dare-devil exploit any more than motoring and sailing are. It is a mode of transportation in which everyone will soon be indulging as naturally as today they take an automobile, a train or a boat. There is no reason, when that time comes, why women should not drive airplanes just as today they drive automobiles."

"Of course, it will be some time, if ever, before women are approved as pilots for long flights. While women have just as much courage as men, and while they think as quickly and act with as much judgment, they haven't as much physical strength. A man's strength is needed to crank the great engine and to do other things such a flight may imply. We seldom see a woman driving a huge motor bus. She has done it in wartime emergencies; there are many who could do it today. But for shorter flights in lighter planes, girls can learn to be as good pilots as men."

She walked over to the window and looked out again. I think she must have been hearing the beat of wings against the sky—the wings of planes and the low purr of motors.

But as I came away it was not of Amelia Earhart, aviator, that I was thinking. It was of Amelia Earhart, sportswoman. Amelia Earhart, who is too modest to seek cheap publicity; Amelia Earhart who is generous, who might have taken the credit for the flight but who unhesitatingly gave it to the men who piloted her; Amelia Earhart who dared to fly the Atlantic; Amelia Earhart who put the safety of the enterprise ahead of her own ambitions—Amelia Earhart, sportswoman.

The Happy Day



"You surely deserve release from work and care. We owe our success to you and other men who always gave us the best they had. Pay days will be provided for you, as long as you live, out of the Cooperative Retirement Fund which you helped to build. You have earned the right to take it easy. Good Luck!"

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M. L. I. Co.

AFTER the man who has won the right to retire in ease and comfort has been congratulated, the wise president and board of directors who thus show their appreciation of faithful service also deserve congratulations. Such appreciation inspires new courage in all hearts. The interests of capital and labor are inseparably linked. Through cooperative efforts their most difficult problems are being solved.

Many of the biggest employers of labor are themselves employees and do not own the companies they manage. These men have learned that officers as well as men in the ranks do better work if they know that years of loyal service will be amply rewarded. Stockholders expect dividends. Employees expect good wages. In wise management there is a fair and just division of earnings that must

be preserved in a delicate balance. Not all of the yearly earnings may safely be paid out in dividends and pay checks.

Long-headed business men lay aside money for new and more effective equipment when old machines shall be worn out. In the same way they make plans that permit the honorable retirement of veterans and the filling of their places by younger men.

Big business recognizes that it is good business to establish the independence of faithful workers in their later years. By planning together for their mutual advantage, employers and employees can build a sound Retirement Plan based on earnings and savings that will provide a regular, definite income for life.

No man of spirit wants charity but he does want an opportunity to become independent.

have to be revised or completely abandoned.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has made a comprehensive study of more than 350 different pension plans in operation today. To employees and employers interested in a sound solution of pension problems, the Metropolitan will be glad to mail without charge, Booklet 128-X, "Sound Retirement Plans and What They Should Provide".

HALEY FISKE, President.

Business has welcomed the development of modern pension plans which have made possible retirement with a fixed income. While, in the past, many privately owned businesses have provided quietly for the needs of retired employees, scientific pension systems are a comparatively new development.

Some of the earlier plans, dictated more by good intentions than by sound financing, are so hopelessly involved that they will



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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Big news about "The American Girl"—turn to pages fifty-six and fifty-seven

Wanted: a Leading Lady



(Continued from page 9)

here in this house," Grandmother had said more times than one could count. Though the pantry shelves didn't groan with dainties they held finer china than any shelves in Maryville. The ladies of Maryville often took guests from out of town to call on Mrs. Goodenough and to see the old furniture in the house. "It's been in their family for ages. Wouldn't antique collectors lose their minds if they got a chance at it?"

But they won't get it. Mrs. Goodenough would as soon part with her right arm," more often than not the little old lady would hear her callers say before they'd left the shadow of the gracious wide front doorway.

No, Polly hadn't minded being what she was—until now.

She was a Cinderella by virtue of the senator and the old furniture and the Goodenough family owning all Maryville once. But now she felt, sadly, that she was one of them but not of them. Dot had shown her that she wasn't—giving her the job of clearing up.

"I think I won't go to that party. It's on Christmas Eve and I'd rather spend it here at home with you, trimming the tree."

But Grandmother's wits were sharp as steel and she caught an undertone of sorrow in Polly's voice. "Not go? Nonsense. I'll trim the tree alone."

"All the girls are getting new dresses."

"We can turn your blue silk."

"Oh—Grandmother! It's been turned."

"It's pretty. You look as sweet as a flower in it."

Polly carried her dinner dishes into the kitchen. She couldn't, in a hundred years, make Grandmother understand that that flower-sweetness was out of date. Hadn't Emily said just today that her mother had promised to let her wear her pearls and wasn't Willa having a tulle dress made that most touched the floor? It would break her heart not to go to the party but it would break it more to appear in the old silk dress.

No, this Christmas was spoiled for Polly. There wouldn't be any other fun—the Cinderellas would exhaust themselves on their one big "bust." She'd just sit at home in the old house with Grandmother.

One decision rallied her. The Cinderellas should find that she wasn't a quitter. She'd put the Brendel house in order for them, all by herself—that would make up for not giving any money into the expense fund. She found gloomy satisfaction in such nobility. "You see I don't know whether I can come to the party," she explained to Dot. "It'd leave

Grandmother alone Christmas Eve."

"Oh, Poll-y!" But Dot didn't argue. With all arrangements down to fine perfection, with various new dresses in the last stitches of completion, invitations out, it would seem that there was little for the Cinderellas to talk about. Of course it was funny the way the boys were taking it—outwardly they were trying to act as if it were any Christmas party, but the Cinderellas knew they were green with jealousy. They could talk about that.

Then at Mrs. Beebe's luncheon fell another gilded bolt—about Craig Newberry's new picture. They were just starting it and it was going to be the best he'd been in. But they were having trouble finding just the characters they wanted. It seemed they couldn't use the established movie type. And the director was letting Craig hunt for the woman who'd play the lead!

The Cinderellas possessed this fact as soon as their several mothers got home from the luncheon. At once, even the coming dance took second place. Each Cinderella secretly took appraisal of her gifts. "I wish I had blonde hair," groaned Dot, tearing at her black mop. "But they're looking for someone different from the regular movie type!" her heart sang. Amy Brendel went on a fast. Madeline Deering took to pinching her cheeks violently to heighten her color. Willa Cobb stayed out of school to go to Binghampton to get a permanent. The Cinderellas attended every picture at the Palace to study intensively the latest styles in movie walks. The Cinderellas might just as well have dropped school for anything they learned from books!

But it was just one more drop in her cup of sorrow for Polly Goodenough. Her hair was the color of cornshocks in the sun and her skin pink and cream, but even knowing that didn't give her a flutter of hope. He'd never even see her in the blue silk dress! Anyway, she wasn't going. But there wasn't a girl who needed the remuneration of such a possible contract more than she did. What couldn't she do with the money? College, travel—why, she could take Grandmother to Europe. They could have the drains and the gutter pipes mended, and the old stone gate. And they'd never need to pick berries any more. Against her will Polly counted over and over what it could mean to her.

She did not talk of the party or Craig Newberry at home, not even of this latest development. When Grandmother made up her mind to a thing it was pretty sure to happen and she wouldn't go to the party in that old blue dress!

No, she'd spend Christmas Eve as she'd spent it ever since she could remember—as she'd spend it, probably, the rest of her days. She and Grandmother would trim the tree which Jake, the man-of-all-work on the next farm, always cut for them from the woodstrip. They would trim it with the same old, very old, trimmings, some of which Grandmother had made herself when she first came to Maryville. There had always been something especially nice and Christmassy about it—but there wouldn't be this year.

December moved on to the day before Christmas. Craig Newberry arrived. He may have wondered if the "hick" station was always as crowded as it was that morning, and then again he may not have thought of it. He looked a little sleepy, but his curly hair glistened in the early morning sun, for he wore no hat, and his well-set shoulders and slender hips were all that they appeared on the screen. So Maryville went back to its breakfast rewarded and satisfactorily thrilled. Dot Beebe sat at the telephone for two straight hours after breakfast calling all Maryville, it seemed.

Polly didn't go to the station. After breakfast she made a cake. After that she went out to the woods with Jake to select her tree.

Sometime during the morning Dot told her mother casually that Polly was not coming to the party. "Poor kid—I suppose she hasn't anything to wear. She said she didn't want to leave her grandmother home all alone on Christmas Eve."

"Not coming?" exclaimed Mrs. Beebe. "Of course she must come!" Mrs. Beebe already was bursting with Christmas spirit. "Tell her to bring her grandmother along."

Dot started. "That old lady?"

"One chaperone more won't matter."

Dot hadn't thought of the mothers as chaperones—simply inevitabilities. And they didn't need one who was at least seventy. But she didn't say so—she wanted to borrow her mother's gold slippers.

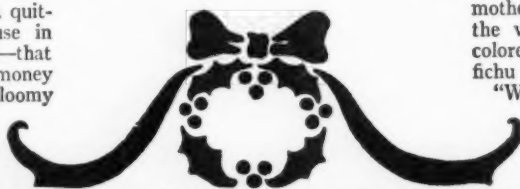
"I'll drive out and see Mrs. Goodenough this minute," Mrs. Beebe decided.

So when Polly returned at one o'clock from the woods, her cheeks rosy but her eyes still shadowed, she found her grandmother shaking the camphor balls out of the voluminous folds of her petunia-colored silk dress. "I'll wear the lace fichu with it."

"What? Where?"

"Why, to the party. I'm going, too." Grandmother's eyes flashed. Mrs. Beebe had put

(Continued on page 40)



Is your city on its toes in an "American Girl" campaign?—

It Will Help You . . .

To use more milk—to be sure that it is pure, rich, safe milk—all experts in the science of nutrition agree that this is the way to surer health. **Not Always Easy.** It hasn't been easy to put a quart of milk in the daily diet. We've been using less than half that amount. It has often been difficult to be sure that the milk was pure and rich and safe. Most of the volume of ordinary milk is water. Only 12½ per cent of it is food. We can't tell by looking at it whether milk is pure. We can't see the food substances. Neither can we see the dangers that have often been hidden in it. Most of us don't like to drink it. It has been difficult to put the required amount in cooked food. For our cereals, fruit, and coffee we've wanted something richer, so we've used cream. But cream doesn't take the place of milk as wholesome food. **We Now Know the Way.** Evaporated Milk makes it easier to put the required amount of milk in the daily food. A pint of Evaporated Milk is equal to more than a quart of ordinary milk, because 60 per cent of the water has been removed



from it. In many cooked dishes twice as much milk solids can be included. As rich as cream in milk solids, it takes the place of cream, gives the rich flavor we want, and yet gives all the food substances which make milk—not cream—the most important item of all our food. We know it's pure and safe. Sterilized in sealed cans, it is always free from anything that could endanger health. **Send For Our New Recipes.** Home Economics experts, by extensive experiments, have developed new recipes putting more milk in food through the use of Evaporated Milk. They have found where twice as much milk can be used; where Evaporated Milk can be used in place of cream—even for whipping; how children quickly learn to like to drink it in place of ordinary milk. All this is included in our book "A Quart of Milk a Day." We'll send it to you free of charge. It will tell you more about this extraordinary milk—the pure, rich, safe milk which helps to bring surer health and better physical development to everybody. Use the coupon to send your name and address.

Send for the book

Evaporated Milk Association, 999 Illinois Merchants Bank Building, Chicago

I would like to have your free booklet "A Quart of Milk a Day."

Name _____

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Speak to your captain or local director about it—she knows

Wanted: a Leading Lady



(Continued from
page 9)

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With all arrangements down to fine perfection, with various new dresses in the last stitches of completion, invitations out, it would seem that there was little for the Cinderellas to talk about. Of course it was funny the way the boys were taking it—outwardly they were trying to act as if it were any Christmas party, but the Cinderellas knew they were green with jealousy. They could talk about that.

Then at Mrs. Beebe's luncheon fell another gilded bolt—about Craig Newberry's new picture. They were just starting it and it was going to be the best he'd been in. But they were having trouble finding just the characters they wanted. It seemed they couldn't use the established movie type. And the director was letting Craig hunt for the woman who'd play the lead!

The Cinderellas possessed this fact as soon as their several mothers got home from the luncheon. At once, even the coming dance took second place. Each Cinderella secretly took appraisal of her gifts. "I wish I had blonde hair," groaned Dot, tearing at her black mop. "But they're looking for someone different from the regular movie type!" her heart sang. Amy Brendel went on a fast. Madeline Deering took to pinching her cheeks violently to heighten her color. Willa Cobb stayed out of school to go to Binghampton to get a permanent. The Cinderellas attended every picture at the Palace to study intensively the latest styles in movie walks. The Cinderellas might just as well have dropped school for anything they learned from books!

But it was just one more drop in her cup of sorrow for Polly Goodenough. Her hair was the color of cornshocks in the sun and her skin pink and cream, but even knowing that didn't give her a flutter of hope. He'd never even see her in the blue silk dress! Anyway, she wasn't going. But there wasn't a girl who needed the remuneration of such a possible contract more than she did. What couldn't she do with the money? College, travel—why, she could take Grandmother to Europe. They could have the drains and the gutter pipes mended, and the old stone gate. And they'd never need to pick berries any more. Against her will Polly counted over and over what it could mean to her.

She did not talk of the party or Craig Newberry at home, not even of this latest development. When Grandmother made up her mind to a thing it was pretty sure to happen and she wouldn't go to the party in that old blue dress!

No, she'd spend Christmas Eve as she'd spent it ever since she could remember—as she'd spend it, probably, the rest of her days. She and Grandmother would trim the tree which Jake, the man-of-all-work on the next farm, always cut for them from the woodstrip. They would trim it with the same old, very old, trimmings, some of which Grandmother had made herself when she first came to Maryville. There had always been something especially nice and Christmassy about it—but there wouldn't be this year.

December moved on to the day before Christmas. Craig Newberry arrived. He may have wondered if the "hick" station was always as crowded as it was that morning, and then again he may not have thought of it. He looked a little sleepy, but his curly hair glistened in the early morning sun, for he wore no hat, and his well-set shoulders and slender hips were all that they appeared on the screen. So Maryville went back to its breakfast rewarded and satisfactorily thrilled. Dot Beebe sat at the telephone for two straight hours after breakfast calling all Maryville, it seemed.

Polly didn't go to the station. After breakfast she made a cake. After that she went out to the woods with Jake to select her tree.

Sometime during the morning Dot told her mother casually that Polly was not coming to the party. "Poor kid—I suppose she hasn't anything to wear. She said she didn't want to leave her grandmother home all alone on Christmas Eve."

"Not coming?" exclaimed Mrs. Beebe. "Of course she must come!" Mrs. Beebe already was bursting with Christmas spirit. "Tell her to bring her grandmother along."

Dot started. "That old lady?"

"One chaperone more won't matter."

Dot hadn't thought of the mothers as chaperones—simply inevitabilities. And they didn't need one who was at least seventy. But she didn't say so—she wanted to borrow her mother's gold slippers.

"I'll drive out and see Mrs. Goodenough this minute," Mrs. Beebe decided.

So when Polly returned at one o'clock from the woods, her cheeks rosy but her eyes still shadowed, she found her grandmother shaking the camphor balls out of the voluminous folds of her petunia-colored silk dress. "I'll wear the lace fichu with it."

"What? Where?"

"Why, to the party. I'm going, too." Grandmother's eyes flashed. Mrs. Beebe had put

(Continued on page 40)



Is your city on its toes in an "American Girl" campaign?—

It Will Help You . . .

To use more milk—to be sure that it is pure, rich, safe milk—all experts in the science of nutrition agree that this is the way to surer health. **Not Always Easy.** It hasn't been easy to put a quart of milk in the daily diet. We've been using less than half that amount. It has often been difficult to be sure that the milk was pure and rich and safe. Most of the volume of ordinary milk is water. Only 12½ per cent of it is food. We can't tell by looking at it whether milk is pure. We can't see the food substances. Neither can we see the dangers that have often been hidden in it. Most of us don't like to drink it. It has been difficult to put the required amount in cooked food. For our cereals, fruit, and coffee we've wanted something richer, so we've used cream. But cream doesn't take the place of milk as wholesome food. **We Now Know the Way.** Evaporated Milk makes it easier to put the required amount of milk in the daily food. A pint of Evaporated Milk is equal to more than a quart of ordinary milk, because 60 per cent of the water has been removed



from it. In many cooked dishes twice as much milk solids can be included. As rich as cream in milk solids, it takes the place of cream, gives the rich flavor we want, and yet gives all the food substances which make milk—not cream—the most important item of all our food. We know it's pure and safe. Sterilized in sealed cans, it is always free from anything that could endanger health. **Send For Our New Recipes.** Home Economics experts, by extensive experiments, have developed new recipes putting more milk in food through the use of Evaporated Milk. They have found where twice as much milk can be used; where Evaporated Milk can be used in place of cream—even for whipping; how children quickly learn to like to drink it in place of ordinary milk. All this is included in our book "A Quart of Milk a Day." We'll send it to you free of charge. It will tell you more about this extraordinary milk—the pure, rich, safe milk which helps to bring surer health and better physical development to everybody. Use the coupon to send your name and address.

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Wanted: a Leading Lady

(Continued from page 38)

it so graciously. "A party like this will not be complete—it would not be representative if you were not there."

Polly's heart turned to stone. Not that she didn't know Grandmother looked like a picture in the petunia silk with the real lace fichu around her neck—but it would be a picture belonging to the seventies!

They went at eight o'clock. Grandmother insisted over Polly's almost tearful assertion that no one would be there until ten. It'd be a shame to keep Jake up to all hours and she was sure folks would have enough sense to go early to a party as nice as this. The Brendel house was fragrant with pine and gay with holly berries and Polly's unhappy eyes noted the mistletoe boldly hung in ever so many places. Mrs. Brendel was in the kitchen with her maid and the maids borrowed for the occasion, all of whom had come most willingly.

"Can't I help?" begged Polly, feeling that the back part of the house offered cloister.

"Why, yes, dear. Stack these cups. They're Mrs. Beebe's and I wouldn't have anything happen to them for the world. I know you'll be careful."

Polly stayed in the butler's pantry. She tied an apron over her hated blue dress. She heard familiar voices, Dot's high with excitement, the deeper tones of the boys'. She heard footsteps going up the wide stairs, and laughter. She didn't dare think what Grandmother might be doing. More laughter. The musicians scraped on their instruments, tuning them. A saxophone wail lifted in trial.

She wouldn't even peek. The Cotton Pickers began a brisk two-step. A regular shuffling of feet told that the dance was in full swing. A mist blinded Polly's eyes. With all her soul she longed to be in that happy crowd, swinging to the measure of the music, breathing in the pine fragrance, perhaps—perhaps dancing with him. Whom had he taken for this first dance? Had his quick glance searched at once for that one whom he might select to play the lead?

She couldn't fix the doilies for the fourth time. The maids would think she was crazy! They were gathered at the swing door leading to the dining room from which they could watch the dancing. She slipped unnoticed up the back stairs and took refuge in little Patsy Brendel's room.

Probably he'd fall for Willa Cobb—with her permanent and her tulle dress. She was the prettiest girl in Maryville. But Willa had money of her own—or would when she was twenty-one, and Willa was going to Wellesley year after next and had been to Europe twice already. Oh, things weren't fair.

But whatever was Grandmother doing? A sense of loyalty brought Polly to her feet. She couldn't let them shove Grandmother off into some hot corner.

A fox trot had just ended. There was a considerable flutter of rainbow colors as the girls moved informally about. A little group, trailing a tall, immaculate, curly-haired man were in conference with the musicians. In the music room which opened into the hall through a wide, arched doorway sat the chaperones, Grandmother among them.

Polly paused on the stair landing. From the shelter of the rented palms she could take in the entire scene. That was he—her heart skipped a beat—talking to the musicians. Yes, Willa Cobb was clinging to his arm as if she'd known him all her life!

Then a most amazing thing happened. He, Craig Newberry, had left the Cinderellas, even Willa, and had gone in to the chaperones, was actually bending over Grandmother's chair. The Cotton Pickers had struck up a jig. And Grandmother was letting Craig Newberry lead her into the big bare living-room. Grandmother was dancing with him! Polly felt a hot color dye her face. Just the two of them, jiggling there! They'd all laugh—

But no one laughed. A curious quiet held the Cinderellas. Just below the stairs stood Dot and Amy and Madeline and some of the boys. Mrs. Torrence was with them.

The jig finished under the mistletoe. And Craig Newberry bent his handsome head and kissed Grandmother. Everyone clapped. And something warm and loving in Polly's heart cried over her distress that no one, *no one* could look prettier and sweeter than Grandmother in the ancient petunia silk.

He led her back into the hall. He looked boyish, but every inch the hero. He walked straight up to Mrs. Torrence with Grandmother but he seemed to address everyone.

"Well, this will be the best Christmas I've had! I've found what we've been looking for all over the country—a real grandmother, to play the lead with me. If she'll say the word I'll break into your telegraph office tonight—"

And Polly Goodenough forgot her blue silk dress and ran down the stairs and threw her arms around Grandmother's neck.

Of course you're not going to be satisfied until I narrate that Grandmother signed the contract. Not

that night, of course—she hesitated quite a while. But Craig Newberry coaxed her into it. Finally he promised that the pictures should be "shot" right there, and Grandmother said she'd do it for the college fund. Polly and the Cinderellas served tea and cookies every afternoon.

Well, there never was a Christmas like that in Maryville! They'd been in the way of dating everything from the day that airplane crashed into the Baptist Church, but now, for all time, I imagine, they'll be saying: "Oh, that was the year after Grandmother Goodenough went into the movies."



Your Christmas list keeps growing, what about your purse?

The Trail of the Covered Wagon

(Continued from page 33)

ous. Human beings never flew so high upon wings, nor dived so deep beneath the waters. Wilkins carries freight over the North Pole and Byrd takes a whole happy cruising party down to the South Pole.

"Why, girlhood and boyhood are today not only heirs of the ages but heirs of the universe. They own the stars in their courses. What are they going to do with these possessions?"

"You see, there is that question because they are inheriting so much that they need to do nothing but look on. There was never a time when we could profit so completely by the creations of others."

"The doctor in the laboratory works through his life so that we may be immune to disease. We forget his name and live an unscarred and long and joyous life because he has freed us from disease."

"The mechanical folk have harnessed the power in streams and given it to us as light and heat. We have only to touch a button. We don't even have to curtsy a horse or creature, or do anything, except punch a button and be ungrateful."

"To me that is the great problem of youth. We have great powers—shall we use them intelligently? We do not have to spend our time in washing and baking, in carrying water and building fires. We have leisure—what shall we do with it?"

I think that every Girl Scout leader who was present thought back over her own girls—those girls of whom Doctor Reinhardt said, "They own the stars in their courses. What are they going to do with them?"

That is the question that all of us who are living now have got to answer. It is the question that girls today especially have got to answer.

And now comes Christmas What are you doing this year?

Perhaps if Dr. Reinhardt had visited any Girl Scout headquarters about this time of the year, she would not have been so sure that the girls of today have so much leisure—or, having leisure, she would not have wondered what they were doing with it. For—and we know about it from all the letters we receive—Christmas celebrations are well under way, AMERICAN GIRL Christmas campaigns are being carried on, and Girl Scouts have not been so busy since they left for camp last summer.

You have probably already planned your troop festivities for this year—and we want to hear all about them, by the way, so that we can describe them in the magazine in 1929, just as we are telling in this December number what Girl Scouts have done in the past during the holiday season. Perhaps, if your Christmas plans are not quite complete, these pages will give you some ideas that you will want to carry out. We received a

(Continued on page 42)



... for a good girl



"DELL STANTON," said Nora Knowles, "you're the luckiest girl in the world! To have an uncle like the famous Roy Stanton—to be invited to go with him on this fascinating expedition to the South Seas! What good fairy smiled on you?"

Dell Stanton smiled comfortably into the open fire.

"I nearly wasn't lucky, Nora! You haven't seen me for a whole year, have you? Well, when I finished school last June I was a total wreck, and Doctor Jim said, 'No gallivanting for you, young lady, until you've pulled this 50% physical condition of yours up to a round 100!'"

"I felt so low that I told Uncle Roy (he was leaving for Europe at the time) he'd better gather himself a competent secretary along with his otherscientificsuppliesforthe January sailing. 'Nonsense!' he said, and wrote a few lines on a piece of paper. 'Stick to this for six months, and I'll give you a clean bill of health,' he promised. 'See you Christmas!'"

"What was it? Just a few simple rules about getting plenty of sleep, regular outdoor exercise, eating sensibly, and stopping all tea and coffee. He specified plenty of milk too, and added, 'If you don't like it plain, try Instant Postum made with hot milk.' That suggestion solved the only real problem for me. I couldn't drink anything *else*, now."

"And, well—" Dell leaned forward till the firelight glowed full on her lovely, bright-tinted face—"take a

look at one of the most outrageously healthy critters on earth! . . . There was a package on the Christmas tree inscribed 'From Santa Claus . . . for a good girl'—my passport. And it's ho for the South Seas and adventure, thanks to Uncle Roy and Postum!"

Would you like to be "lucky" —like Dell?

Maybe you can't have a wealthy explorer-uncle, but you can have what meant even more to Dell—the lovely complexion and lively attractiveness that go with good health. Dell's rules aren't hard to follow. They're given in detail in a little booklet called "The Garden Where Good Looks Grow," that is yours for the asking.

Instant Postum made-with-hot-milk, Dell's favorite drink, will soon be yours too. For it's truly delicious, as well as good for you! It adds the goodness of roasted wheat and bran to the health-qualities of milk in a marvelous way. It's economical, and *very* easy to make.

You couldn't give yourself a finer Christmas gift than better health. So mail the coupon today, and we'll send you a week's supply of Instant Postum along with your booklet. The rest is easy, and up to you!

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Entertainment House, Inc.
Franklin, Ohio
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The Trail of the Covered Wagon

(Continued from page 41)

letter from Troop One of Madison, South Dakota, saying that their Christmas bazaar was inspired by reading THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Dolls for Christmas gifts

All of them from Girl Scouts

Girl Scouts, being girls themselves and remembering how they used to love dolls to play with and how Christmas, somehow, never seemed quite right unless there was a doll under the tree, have tried to see to it that children in homes and hospitals do not miss this special Christmas treat. They give a doll show every year in St. Louis and then distribute the dolls—all of which have been dressed by themselves—among the poor children, orphans and crippled children.

Brooklyn, New York, Girl Scouts dressed dolls and filled stockings for the children of the city who otherwise would not have had any real Christmas, and the Girl Scouts of Troop Two of Allston, Massachusetts, took dolls and other toys to the Children's Hospital and also provided Christmas gifts for a children's home. Troop Eleven, of Boston collected articles for a mountain settlement in Kentucky and provided five Boston families with food and clothing. And Troop Five of Jackson, Michigan, gave gifts and a party to fifteen crippled children as part of their program of spreading Christmas cheer.

Caroling means Christmas

And Girl Scouts love to sing

Christmas carols are as old as the celebration of Christmas, and the old English custom of Yuletide waits—groups of carolers who sang before homes and inns on Christmas Eve—has been adopted by many Girl Scouts.

The Clover-leaf Troop of Palmyra, New York, is one of the pioneers in Girl Scout caroling. They have sung every Christmas for seven years for shut-ins. Savannah, Georgia, Girl Scouts also have sung carols for many seasons. They go about in a more modern manner than the carolers of Palmyra, for the Savannah Festival Association furnishes busses to carry the singers around on Christmas Eve. So popular have the girls become that special requests have been received by the Association "to send the Girl Scouts instead of any other singers."

If you are an artist—

A competition is announced by the Schwartzbach, Huber Company for the best silk designs suitable for children's dresses, submitted by boys and girls under seventeen years of age. Thirty-eight cash prizes will be given, the first three being five hundred, two hundred and fifty and one hundred dollars, respectively. The contest closes December thirty-first. For additional information write to The Contest Editor, Schwartzbach, Huber and Company, Room 643, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

If you want fun in your city, stage an "American Girl" contest—



Making Christmas in the Arctic

(Continued from page 11)

how Christmas could be Christmas without it. And yet I was ashamed to tell Mother—it was such an awfully babyish thing to want. And yet, oh, how I did long for a Christmas tree! No trees of any kind grow as far north as we were, not even bushes or shrubs, so I might just as well have wished for the moon. But no matter how I argued with myself, I still wanted that tree more than anything in the world.

The day before Christmas we filled the stockings, and I wish you could have seen them. We were very proud and pleased. Each stocking had an orange in the toe and the rest of it was filled with dates, peanuts, chocolates, homemade taffy, popcorn, prunes and topped off with a silver dollar.

At eight o'clock on Christmas Eve, Charley, the steward, went with me down into the forecastle, which is the part of the ship where the sailors live. They were all sitting around smoking and playing cards—and thinking of home, I suppose. When I gave each man one of Mother's loaves of raisin cake, and Charley put down his steaming kettle of hot chocolate, you should have heard them cheer and clap!

Mother and the Captain and I played parchesi until ten o'clock, a late hour for me, and then, when I went to bed, Mother suggested that I hang up my stocking—"just for old time's sake" she said—although I must not expect to find anything in it in the morning.

When morning came, the stocking was full! There were two pink hair ribbons, a box of my favorite kind of candy, some pieces of money and a paper doll with all her dresses! Aren't mothers wonderful?

We took a long walk that morning and talked about the people at home, and other Christmases we had celebrated, and wondered where Dad was and what he was doing. On our return, Mother went down into the cabin, but I stayed on deck playing with the Eskimo children.

At about two o'clock, Mother called to me that it was time to invite everyone down into the cabin to receive stockings. They all trooped down, very much surprised to be receiving anything, and yet I was the most surprised one of them all. For as we opened the cabin door, there on the table, with all its little candles twinkling gaily in the darkness, was the prettiest Christmas tree I had ever seen!

I rubbed my eyes and looked again! It seemed like magic. I had not told a soul that I wanted a tree, and yet here it was, in this snow-covered land where trees had not grown for centuries! I knew just how Aladdin felt the first time he rubbed his lamp.

For days afterwards, Mother kept the secret of the little tree and then she told me all about it. Mr. Warmbath, the taxidermist of the party had made it as a surprise, and this is how he did it.

First he made a skeleton tree, using a broomstick for the trunk and very heavy wire for the branches. Next, he covered the trunk and branches with softened wax, layer upon layer until some of the branches were quite thick and others more tapering. While the wax was still soft it was well sprinkled with coffee grounds, thoroughly pressed in. This made it look exactly like the bark of an evergreen tree. For needles he carefully straightened out some hay and, laying it on a box, painted it green and then cut it into short lengths. Each needle was then stuck onto the tree with a bit of melted wax. Think what a task that must have been, to put every needle on separately! But the result was so realistic, I imagined I could smell the balsam! Mother had made little cornucopias of silver paper to trim the tree and had also used some of my popcorn strings so that, with its lighted candles, it looked very gay. The stockings were arranged about its base and altogether it was a splendid sight.

When they first entered the cabin, the Eskimos were very quiet and did not even smile. They thought we were worshipping this bright, shining thing and they did not wish to be disrespectful. But when they saw us laughing and talking, and especially when each received his stocking, they became merry with the rest of us and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The day ended in a special dinner, when Charley called out all his reserve supplies and gave us a feast fit for a king. Afterwards we had songs and games and almost forgot for a little while that we were far away from all those we loved the best.

And so our Christmas, instead of being a sad and dismal failure, was a great success for all concerned—which shows what thoughtfulness and ingenuity and love can do, even when a thing seems absolutely hopeless. It was the first Christmas tree celebration any of those Eskimos had ever seen and, even if they did think it a bit queer at first, I think they will remember it always.

But the joke was on us because some time later I was trying to explain to a few of my Eskimo playmates that trees just like our Christmas tree grew by the hundreds in my country, that they came right out of the ground. Instead of being impressed as I had thought they would be, they only laughed as if at some very funny joke. When I asked them why they were so amused, they laughed again and said, "Oh, you are smart but you can't fool us with your stories of trees like that growing in the ground. You forget, we saw Mr. Warmbath make it!"



Give Books For Christmas

CARAVANS TO SANTA FE

by Alida S. Malkus

A romance for girls in the teens. The story of the breaking of the Santa Fe Trail. Illustrated. \$1.75

CRICKET On The HEARTH

by Charles Dickens

"A Christmas story for young and old. Admirably designed and perfectly printed and bound. The decorations and illustrations by F. D. Bedford are superb."—*Every Evening*, Wilmington, Del. \$2.50



UNKNOWN TO HISTORY

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A mystery in the life of Mary Queen of Scots, that tragic figure of history. Beautifully illustrated. \$2.50

THE BOOK OF INDIAN CRAFTS AND INDIAN LORE

by Julian H. Salomon

A wealth of material for every girl who is interested in Indians—chapters on beadwork, pageants, dances; numerous illustrations. \$3.50

BOOTS OF THE HOLLY TREE INN

by Charles Dickens

An amusing Christmas story of two small children who run away to be married. Charming illustrations. \$1.50



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More Money for Every One of You!



ARE you a girl who keeps seeing and longing for that bright hat, that tricky scarf or the gay cluster of gifts in the holiday windows?

But are you also a girl whose purse seems never to be overflowing at the right moment—the buying moment? Mary Markwood, above, a Girl Scout, was one of those “wanting” girls before she joined The Girls’ Club and became an “earning” one. But *now* she writes me:

I have plenty of extra money for pretty clothes and good times.

(Are pretty clothes your hobby?)



AND smiling Virginia Jackson, within one month deposited \$34.00 in

her college fund. She writes:

I earned all those Club dollars in my spare time after school and on Saturdays. I feel so grateful for that check which gave my college fund such a boost!

(Is college among your dreams?)



MARIANA M., another jolly schoolgirl, wanted new Girl Scout equipment more than anything else—and being independent like most of you, she wanted to earn her own money to buy it. In a very short time after she became a member of The Girls’ Club, she bought her neckerchief and knife, and in her school outfit were the pen and a pencil she won as prizes.

Earning in The Girls’ Club is so easy, she says. (Would you earn for Scout equipment, too?)

TIME TO JOIN

... A Club of jolly girls in which you can earn dollars and win ukes and desk sets and sports watches—doesn’t it sound happy and worth while? *It is*—that’s why we want you to join us *now*. When I receive your note: “Dear Manager: Please tell me about The Girls’ Club,” I’ll know that you want to join and send you the details. No obligations or expense, of course.

Address:

Manager of the Girls’ Club

THE LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL
1067 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Jo Ann and the Joop

(Continued from page 18)

will, the mean things,” said Wicky. “They’ll drive us into the house again.”

“They won’t drive me into the house,” declared Jo Ann. “I’m not afraid.”

“I think it is just dreadful if a party can’t go out in the yard to get cool when it wants to,” said Wicky, remembering as well as she could what Jo Ann had told her to say. “In my town it would not be stood.”

“Come on!” said Will McKinnon. “Let’s go out and take their fort. Who wants to dance, anyway?”

“The orchestra could come out on the veranda and play a battle hymn,” suggested Jo Ann. “There’ll be a Hot Time or Tipperary. Will you be our General, Will?”

Will McKinnon said he would.

“All the best snowball throwers will go with Will,” Jo Ann said. “The girls who can’t throw very well will go with Wicky; they’ll hide behind the honeysuckle bushes and make snowballs. You can go out and begin and I’ll ask the orchestra to come out.” But she was no sooner gone than the desertions she had feared took place.

Eight of them went. There are always big rough boys who behave so. They “beat it” then and there and a minute later they were behind Tommy’s fort, snowballs in hand, ready for any assault. The orchestra, grinning, took a sheltered spot on the veranda, safe from all snowballs and, with a rush, Jo Ann’s army poured from the house, shouting.

“Come on now—get busy, get busy!” Will McKinnon shouted. “Lam it into them!” and snowballs and cheers and catcalls greeted them from the fort. Will took a snowball on the ear, but he ran forward. “Close up!” he shouted. “You girls—you can’t hit a barn door from there; come closer. Jo Ann—”

But Jo Ann was not there; for the first time of which anyone had ever heard Jo Ann was not in front of the foremost boy in a battle. She was nowhere.

“Rats!” exclaimed Will McKinnon. “She’s a nice one! Gone in to dish up ice cream, most likely!”

He had the most warriors. He had twenty to the eight in the fort up there on the terrace, but sixteen of his twenty were girls and their snowballs hardly reached the fort, most of them hitting the terrace or going wild. If one had hit anyone it would have been a mere love-pat. It was against Will McKinnon and the boys that those in the fort concentrated their fire, making them dodge and duck and protect their faces with their elbows. Six snowballs struck Will at one time. Now and then a volley of balls went into the mass of girls, driving them back. The boys in the fort yelled like Indians and the air was full of snowballs—so full that before ten minutes had passed the snowballs in the fort were exhausted.

Joe Dayton was the first to run across

from the end of the fort to the veranda of Tommy’s house, returning with an armful of the snowballs stacked there. One snowball hit with a sudden smash the board that bore the words, “Jo Ann, the Poor Joop.” It was just at that moment that Tommy Bassick made his run from the fort to the veranda for more snowballs. He saw Jo Ann clinging to the top of the terrace near the veranda.

“They’re trying to surround us!” he shouted and gathered an armful of balls. He started for the fort. “There!” he cried, turning to point to Jo Ann, but his next exclamation was “Ugk!” for he went down with a thud and his snowballs flew in all directions. Something had him by one foot, for Jo Ann had shouted “Now!” and she was sliding down the terrace crying, “Pull! Pull!”

She reached the girls who had been hidden behind the honeysuckle bush before they had run ten feet, and she took hold of the rope with them. Tommy Bassick, grasping at the air and kicking with his free leg, skidded down the terrace and through the gap in the hedge, and the girl team dragged him over the snow toward the garage as if he were a human toboggan. The noose Jo Ann had planted under the snow at noon had worked perfectly; the rope Tommy and his chum had used in climbing the terrace on skis was strong. Jo Ann had captured her enemy.

The rush Tommy Bassick’s army made was a fine sight—but by the time Tommy’s forces reached the garage, Tommy had been whisked inside and the garage door had been barred.

The girls did not allow Tommy to get to his feet. They fell upon him and held him down and Jo Ann drew an ancient red woolen petticoat up over his legs. She drew the band around his waist.

“Give me that needle, Wicky,” she ordered, and she showed that even a tomboy can sew when she has to, although the stitches may be man-size. She sewed the belt thoroughly. She sewed it to his coat and to his knickers and, from the remarks he made, one stitch must have sewed the petticoat to Tommy Bassick himself. Then they opened the door and pushed him out.

He stood a moment uncertain what to do, and then the valiant nine of his army screamed with merriment. To the veranda came the whole party, Jo Ann’s mother, the three orchestra gentlemen and the magician. Tommy Bassick’s face turned as red as the petticoat and, gathering up the long red folds that might have tripped him, he scuttled for home at a brisk and undignified lope. Jo Ann ran after him. As he scrambled up the slippery terrace, she threw one snowball. It hit him fair and square on the back of the neck.

“Tommy, the joop!” she shouted.

Then she brushed the snow off her stockings and went in to enjoy the party. And she did. Girls like parties.



Mary Ellen comes on skis in the January “American Girl”-



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Simple Gifts You Can Make

(Continued from page 21)

over them. When they were firmly stuck, I cut the paper at the corners, leaving a flap of three-eighths of an inch at both ends of each of the long sides. These ends I pasted down over the corners of the lid and onto the short sides and then pulled the short sides over them and pasted them flat.

All that remained were the finishing touches which consisted of cutting the paper off at the bottom about three-eighths of an inch from the edge of the lid, and pasting the little "hem" down over the edge and onto the inside of the lid. I did not cover the bottom part of the darning box because the lid came down so far over it that it did not show.

Envelope linings can be used, too, on the little boxes of mending tape from the stationery counter or boxes of rubber bands for your big brother's desk. If you cover a box of mending tape be sure to leave one corner open so that the tape can be pulled out easily. This is done by omitting a flap from the corner that is to stay open and cutting the paper so that it just comes to the open edge.

Fathers and uncles are usually nice about giving you their empty wooden cigar boxes and one of them, covered with paper or painted and decorated with panels of figured paper, would be a most convenient place for your father to keep his pipe or cigarettes. To make it quite complete you might cover a small box of matches with the same paper to put inside.

I had a wooden box about the size of a cigar box that I dressed up. I got some bright red enamel (the kind that dries in fifteen minutes) and gave the box three coats of it, because it was raw wood and the first coat soaked right in. Then I cut panels of some Italian paper that I had and pasted them on the box with rubber cement, leaving the red edges of the box showing. It looked well.

If you decide to do a cigar box, try to get one with a hinged cover; they are so much more convenient than the others and easier to cover. On a plain cigar-box, unhinged, you will notice that the two short sides are higher at the top than the two long sides, and the cover sets down between them. If you have that kind the best plan is to nail down the cover, take off the bottom which comes to the edge all around and use the box upside down. You can make a hinge for this new cover by cutting a strip of strong material—muslin or linen—about two inches wide. Then, putting the cover on the box so that all the edges are even, glue the strip along the back edge so that about an inch of it sticks to the box and an inch to the cover.

But your father is not the only one who can use a re-decorated cigar box. Dressed up with a cover of bright paper it makes a neat sewing box for your mother. Or perhaps you would rather

(Continued on page 48)

Let's have a Twelfth Night entertainment—no, not the play—



Books that will say "A Merry Christmas"

IMAGINE that you are standing on the threshold of an uncommonly interesting bookshop, where you can see through the open doorway that the books—so new that they sparkle—are not only ranged upon the shelves, but spread out on tables so that you could examine the covers as well as the jackets, look at the pictures, and even taste a bit of the words here and there. Suppose, as there is a big red WELCOME on the doormat, that you start to go in, and then the attendant steps up and says, "Please, are you under eighteen years of age? Because if you are over eighteen I must ask you politely to go away and come back later in the week. The books today are strictly reserved for our most important customers."

That is just what is happening in this book column today. I am taking you with me along the bright rows of brand-new books for readers under eighteen, and if you are older than that you are not to read what follows—unless of course you have the kind of mind that reads any books that are really good books, regardless of the age for which they are intended. I have that sort of mind myself.

At first sight it looks as if all the books in creation were in this collection. Even though last month, when all America was celebrating Children's Book Week, I introduced you to so many of them, there are still rows upon rows of new ones of which I have had so far no chance to say a word. Taking everything together, I think this year's books for young people are uncommonly good. They are the sort that you will surely want to send to your friends to say "Merry Christmas" for you, and that you will want to receive as gifts as well. Perhaps one reason why it seems so to me is that the empty, commonplace ones are not sent to me for review: no doubt people are still buying them somewhere, but it does seem too bad they should, with so many good ones so easy to get. For instance, why spend eyesight on poorly written, improbable, conventional adventure stories in the cheap magazines when you can get, in one big beautiful

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER
The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

volume with pictures, Helen Ferris' *Adventure Waits* (Harcourt)? Here are twelve long stories, little novels, all by famous authors, of thrilling adventures in which girls are some way concerned. Sometimes the tale is romantic, like C. C. Dobie's "Wild Geese" or Joseph Conrad's "The Lagoon"; sometimes it is blood-curdling, like Conan Doyle's "The Pot of Caviare," but each one is honest, brave and stirring adventure.

Castles in Spain and other Enchantments, (Longmans, Green) is a collection of Spanish legends for boys and girls in the early teens; the author is Bertha L. Gunterman, who is the editor of the young people's department of Longmans, Green, and has found out what young people really do like to read. *Other Arabian Nights*, by H. I. Katibah (Scribner) is a genuine addition to the Thousand and One Tales: the editor comes from the country of Scheherazade and has picked up a bookful of other stories that she had not time to gather for her collection.

Another collection sure to interest Girl Scouts is *The Second Trail* (Appleton), the annual volume prepared for the Girl Guides of England. This is made of adventure stories, historical romances, poems and school stories by well-known English authors for grown-ups, who have kept to a high level of story-telling. The book is dedicated to the second-most-popular member of the British royal family, the Duchess of York—no, the first-most-popular is not the Prince of Wales, as you might think, but the baby Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Duchess of York, whom everyone in the British Isles, rich or poor, calls "our baby," and whose dandelion curls bob with delight as she is held up at her nursery window to receive their greetings; her mother's picture in colors is in this book. There are three other annuals from England, *The Treasure Cave* (Scribner) and *Number Six Joy Street* (Appleton) and *The Children's*

Play-Hour Book (Longmans), big books of stories, colored plates, poems and bits of history: these are good books for a family.

Let us leave the teens-books for the moment and go over to the real "children's corner," where the books for first readers are on display. Here you will certainly find a determined child attached to each copy of *The House at Pooh Corner*, by A. A. Milne (Dutton), that is in sight. Incredible as it may sound, this successor to *Winnie-the-Pooh* is just as good as that was, and even, in spots, a trifle better; there are several new animals, for instance, one of them being a Tigger (more bouncy than a tiger, all over you at once) and another real rabbit. A. A. Milne says there will be no more Christopher Robin books and some silly person jumped to the conclusion that this must be because the real little boy had died; I received a frantic letter from someone up North, begging me to say it wasn't so, and I rushed back the assurance that I had just come from his house in Chelsea, and he was the liveliest small boy I had seen in years. You should see him box with his father.

One of the prize books, as far as pictures go, is Wanda Gag's *Millions of Cats* (Coward), which is really just what the title promises. An old couple try to choose a kitten out of the land of cats, and set aside so many that all the rest come along too—millions of cats, trailing all the way across the pages, lovely black and white cats that curl about in spirals and make the most beautiful designs.

There are some good animal books for almost every age; for the little ones, Rachel Field has written and illustrated a story of one of those performing dogs that go about with a Punch and Judy show, *Little Dog Toby* (Macmillan). Then there is *Abdallah and the Donkey*, by Kos (Macmillan), a jolly story of a talking donkey that alternately gets his fat master into trouble and out again. *Boga the Elephant* (Macmillan) is another book written and illustrated by Kos, who is really Baroness Dombrowski; this one is about animals of the jungle, save for one family of natives who trap Boga. It is worth reading.

Some of this year's new poetry books
(Continued on page 51)



But a pastry party—Winifred Moses will tell you about it in January

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Simple Gifts You Can Make

(Continued from page 46)

cover a hat box for her. With scenic or flowered wall paper, you can create a charming receptacle for her best hat. One that I covered looks like a quaint old fashioned handbox.

Because the cover of my hat box fitted quite snugly, I knew that if I put on the wall paper all the way to the top edge I could never get the cover on at all. So I took my penknife and shaved off the old paper on the inside edge of the cover and the top edge of the box itself, which gave me room for my new paper.

For this box, I found it easier to cut the paper before putting it on. One strip, one and one-half inches wider than the rim of the hat box cover, I pasted on so that there was three-quarters of an inch above and below the top and bottom of the rim; then I pasted the bottom over the edge and onto the inside of the cover.

Had my hat box been circular I should have snipped the top edge every half inch or so to make it lie flat when I pasted it but, since it was oval, I snipped it just at the rounded parts before pasting it down.

The next thing was to pick out an attractive part of the design of the wall paper and, making that the center, cut an oval a quarter of an inch smaller all around than the top of my hat box and paste it on. When I cut the paper with which to cover the sides I picked out the parts of the design I wanted to show up most, then cut the strip one and one-half inches wider than the box was deep. I pasted it on the same way as I put the paper on the rim of the cover, allowing three-quarters of an inch for pasting over the top edge and snipping the bottom at the rounded part to make it lie flat.

Sometimes there are things in the attic or cellar that can easily be converted with a little decoration. If you can find a little wooden chest with a hinged cover, it would be an excellent gift for the Boy Scout brother who always needs a box in which to keep his treasures. Even if your brother is not grown up enough to be a Boy Scout he will still have treasures, as all children do, and he'll love a chest for them, decorated with a procession, all around the sides, of animals cut from a ten cent store book.

I had a little wooden chest about two feet long and a foot wide. It wasn't

much to look at because the wood was just plain white wood and had knot holes. But I gave it two coats of quick drying enamel, pasted a panel of gold paper on the lid with a ship's picture in the center and made a new thing of it altogether.

Even though this article is about boxes, I can't resist giving one suggestion for a gift for your older sister that isn't a box at all, but a little case to put in her writing desk to hold books of penny and two cent stamps. This can easily be made with some pieces of cardboard and some figured paper with a small or indefinite design.

To make one, cut two pieces of heavy cardboard two and one-eighth by three and a quarter inches. Lay them on a line with each other, the narrow sides one-half inch apart and paste them that way to a strip of muslin (Figure One). Cover this latter with a piece of the figured paper two and one-eighth by three inches (Figure Two). That will be the inside of the case.

To make the flat pockets into which the covers of the stamp books slide, cut two pieces of paper four by three and a quarter inches and fold down the four-inch sides one inch, making them three and a quarter by three inches. The folded edge is the top of the pocket.

Lay each pocket over the cardboard (Figure Three), with the bottom even with the bottom of the inside cardboard and the tops coming over the paper in the center. Then fold the sides over the sides of the cardboard and paste them so. Be sure not to get any paste on the inside of the pocket or the book of stamps will not slip into place.

When both pockets are attached, cut a strip of paper two and five-eighths by seven and five-eighths inches and paste it evenly over the outside of the little case, letting the edges come over onto the inside about one-eighth of an inch to make a neat finish.

You can easily see that these directions can be applied to larger covers for portfolios, just as, with adaptations of your own, you can cover boxes of different shapes and sizes than the ones I have mentioned. Use your own ideas and originality, by all means, and discover new and odd kinds of boxes to suit various people. You can have a lot of fun doing it—as I did—and at the same time solve many of your Christmas problems. Good luck to you all!

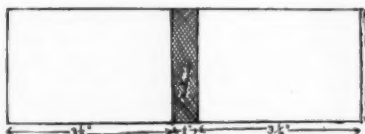


Figure One (above): Begin your stamp book cover by pasting two pieces of cardboard, two and one-eighth by three and a quarter inches, on a piece of muslin, half an inch apart

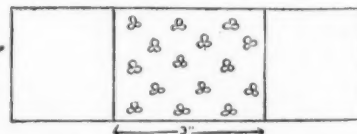


Figure Two: Cover muslin with paper

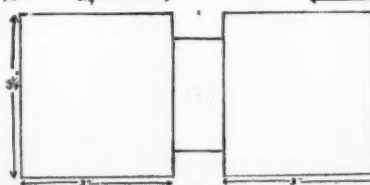


Figure Three (left): This shows the paper pockets before being pasted down. Inner vertical edges are where book slips in

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What Shall We Do?

(Continued from page 23)
right away
For example,
some of them
might be the
following:

1. Some achieve it and some have it thrust upon them. (Greatness)
2. Next to Godliness. (Cleanliness)
3. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals approves of it. (Kindness)
4. Comes at bedtime. (Sleepiness)
5. A title of the Prince of Wales. (Highness)
6. Consideration for others. (Politeness)
7. The reverse of punctuality. (Tardiness)

These are only a few possibilities. You will find a great many more to add to the list.

Categories

This is another paper and pencil game, and last winter it swept over New York and other cities with such force that many a bridge table was left to gather dust in the hall closet, while erstwhile card players nibbled the ends of their pencils and frowned over a vegetable beginning with "x."

The guests are given sheets of paper which they are told to mark off in squares—six squares across and six squares down. Then five players, each in turn, are asked to name a letter of the alphabet. Suppose M, Y, O, P, L, are the letters chosen; all the guests write M at the top of their papers in the second square from the left, Y in the next square to the right and so on until all the squares but the first in the top row are filled. Then five other players are asked to name a group under which many things are classed, such as vegetables, motor cars, desserts, athletic games, famous novelists, books, and so on. The players list these five classifications down the left-hand square from the top, the second in the next below, and on to the bottom.

Now, the players are given ten minutes in which to fill in the name of something in each of the groups mentioned, beginning with each of the letters across the top of the paper. If "vegetables" was one of the classifications, each person will have to name a vegetable beginning with M, Y, O, P and L, and to name something beginning with these same letters in each of the other groups of things.

When the ten minutes are up, one of the players is asked to read his list aloud. If there are twelve players, twelve points is the highest that can be given for each object mentioned; if there are ten players, ten is the highest. As each article on the spokesman's list is read, other players must call out whether or not they have named the same thing. If one player besides the person reading

his list happens to have named "peas" for a vegetable, each is given nine points. If two players have named "peas" each gets eight points, and so on. The more unusual the object named, the more the player can score. Each person reads his or her list in turn and scores according to the number of players who have the same answers. If everyone is the same, each player gets one point.

Of course, a Christmas party wouldn't be a Christmas party without playing *Charades*. But everybody knows charades, so it isn't necessary to tell about them here, except to say to be sure and have some at your party, either before or after supper is served.

And speaking of supper, reminds me of a few ideas contained in Madeline Snyder's *My Book of Parties* (Doubleday, Doran), of pairing of supper partners. Some of them are given below for you to use at the parties you give this year.

1. Duplicate slips are made with the names of different animals written on them—lion, tiger, cat, dog, hyena, horse, cow, pig and the like. Each boy is told to make a noise like that of the animal he has drawn, and the girl who recognizes the sound of the animal on her slip claims the boy as her partner for supper.

2. A sheet is hung in a double doorway and the girls stand behind it. It should be just high enough to show the girls' feet below. The boys walk in front of the sheet, choosing partners from the slippers.

3. The names of famous lovers are written on slips, the names of the women being given to the boys and the names of the men to the girls. The guests hunt their mates for partners. A few names which might be used are: Romeo and Juliet, Abélard and Héloïse, Anthony and Cleopatra, Ivanhoe and Rebecca, King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, Desdemona and Othello, Rosalind and Orlando, Darby and Joan, and Paolo and Francesca.

If you are giving a fairly large party and want all your guests to know one another, it is a good idea to have a "progressive partner" supper. That means that the girls eat the first course at supper with the boys who have taken them in. But at the end of the course, the boys all rise and move around the table to the right, each becoming the partner for the next girl. At the end of the second course, the move is made again, and so on. During a four course supper there would be four changes.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The games, "Tinkle Bell, Tinkle Bell," "The Knight of the Whistle," and "Forfeit Auction," described in this article are from the "Boys' and Girls' Book of Indoor Games," by Frederick A. Collins, published by D. Appleton and Company, New York.



Do you want new ideas for clothes, games, menus?—

Books

(Continued from page 47)

are distinguished for their pictures as much as for their poems: young Pamela Bianco, whose work you know very well, has chosen a number of poems by William Blake, made for them exquisite drawings full of true and tender feeling, and called the book *The Land of Dreams*, (Macmillan). *Come Christmas*, by Eleanor Farjeon (Stokes), is a book of verses full of the right Christmas spirit, and I would be glad to think every child had it in the house before the holidays began, to bridge the days of waiting and make sure that the child entered the great festival in just the proper frame of mind. Rachel Field has made colored pictures for it. *The Feast of Noel*, by Gertrude Crownfield (Dutton) has some good stories to tell at Christmas, adapted from "The Festival of the Three Kings" that takes place in Provence.

I wish I had more space left in which to tell you what a remarkable history of the world has just been offered to younger readers in *A Child's Story of Civilization*, by Stephen King-Hall (Morrow). When this came out (and made such a stir) in England this summer, the title was *Letters to Hilary*, the name of the author's own little girl, for he is a naval officer so much interested in providing his daughter with a good general idea of the progress of civilization before she should begin the study of the history of any one country that when he was far away with his ship he sent home to her, in the form of letters, a sort of running story of how society came to be what it is, from the beginning up to now. A ten-year-old could read this, but the author has added a remarkable appendix in which he explains that a child would get a great deal more out of this book if someone older were prepared to answer such questions as might be expected to arise from reading it. So he gives, for each chapter, the things that a "Helper" (as he calls the mother, sister or teacher who may be helping the child to read the book) should know, in order to get the child talking about the things he has read. You would be surprised to find how much an older person has to know, in order really to answer intelligent questions by a ten-year-old, not just put them off with a make-believe knowledge. This feature makes the book good for any age, and I wish you older girls who see it would go over the "Helper" chapters and see what a high ideal they offer to a big sister.

There are many other new books about which I have not room to tell you this month. But I hope to write about them later. Some of these are *The Story of Youth*, by Lothrop Stoddard (Cosmopolitan); *Cornelia's Customers*, by Jane Winters (Century); *Lost—a Brother*, by the Knipes (Macmillan); *Captain Madeleine*, by Mary Constance Du Bois (Century); *Once There Was a Prince*, by Aldis Dunbar (Little Brown); and some historical romances, *The Treasure Valley*, by L. Lamprey (Morrow); *Tod of the Fens*, by Elinor Whitney (Macmillan) and *Magic Gold*, by Marion Lansing (Little Brown).

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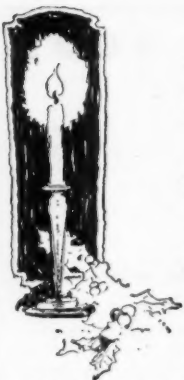
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(Continued
from page 27)

Gardens, and she is going to treat me to éclairs and chocolate."

Jeanne tried to think of pleasant things, of meeting Serena.

There were bits of glass gleaming here and there on the grass; they caught the sun and were just as beautiful as the Duchess' ring. Were you sea-sick in an airplane? That man with the white hair had said that she must undo the strap—so—sit in the parachute, strap it round her waist and up over her shoulders. Then she must step off, and leave everything else to the parachute. It was quite easy, she knew. She did not feel nervous, only queer.

"I am going to have tea with Serena," she murmured aloud. "I am going to meet Serena in the—"

"Feeling all right, Mademoiselle?" asked a cheerful voice.

Jeanne turned and beheld a young mechanic standing beside her. He was wiping his hands on cotton waste and looked very greasy indeed. "Quite," laughed Jeanne.

"I'm coming up with you to strap you in properly," he grinned. "We take no risks here!"

Somebody brought her a cup of hot coffee, somebody made her go through the performance of strapping on the parachute again, there was a buzzing noise, and she was walking over the rough grass to an airplane which was waiting.

They helped her in, they told her not to tread on somebody's corns, and the young mechanic promised to look after her hat. He even put it on his head, and he looked so absurd that Jeanne laughed. They laughed, cheered, and were off!

It was quite impossible to feel any fear because it was all so firm and comfortable, and these men who were with her risked their lives every day and had become so accustomed to it that they forgot there was any danger—indeed, to them there was none—and their attitude calmed Jeanne's beating heart. They were just doing their day's work, and so was she. Round the field they circled, then round again for in spite of his careless manner the pilot was cautious; he guessed Jeanne's feelings and thought it wiser to allow her to become accustomed to the altitude before throwing her out to the mercy of the air, and the parachute. And then the airplane shot upwards, swerved, was in the middle of the field.

"Voilà!" cried the pilot.

"Voilà!" cried the young mechanic.

Jeanne gripped the parachute, and was incapable of thought. She hardly felt the straps around her, and did not quite know what she was doing. She heard somebody shouting at her not to look down, she felt a terrific gust of wind which seemed to penetrate through

Chestnut

all her clothes, and the mechanic asked her if she was ready to let go.

"Yes," breathed Jeanne.

"Then step off," he snapped out. "Let yourself go without fear."

And Jeanne did as she was told; she had the courage to obey. She felt something pulling hard at her whole being, she saw an immense space of grayness beneath her, she was swinging hither and thither, but still she obeyed some shouting voice which told her not to struggle. Ah, the parachute had opened! Jeanne did not see it, but she knew it. It was a long way to the ground but there was no bumping like that horrid scenic railway. Should she shut her eyes? Blue sky—grayness. Tree tops in the distance. And the Chestnut Tree was in bud, Pierre must have a bicycle—oh dear!

Jeanne stumbled; it was really so funny to have one's feet on the grass. She could not stand upright because the grass was not at all firm! It wobbled about much more than the air, and was not solid. She clutched at somebody's shoulder.

"A very beautiful descent! Bravo, Mademoiselle!"

Jeanne was not sure who said this, but she shook hands with quite a number of people, and laughed a good deal. All the way back to the office she felt that she was walking on air, and as she passed the hangar where she had waited for her turn she saw by the big clock that she had been absent about a quarter of an hour.

"That clock's wrong," she cried. "I've been away for years."

"You were very splendid, Mademoiselle," said the white-haired man. "Do you feel inclined to take your friend's place again next week if she is still too ill to come? I can trust you."

"I shall be pleased to come," replied Jeanne, and she made an appointment in the most business-like way. Then she was given a bank note which she could hardly believe she had earned.

They were all very nice to her, and a little while later she left the aviation ground, and walked to the tramway which was to take her to Paris. Trim and smart in her shabby clothes, she stepped proudly along. A pity they did not want parachutes tested every day. All the same it was a great relief to think she had not to do it again till—till—she couldn't remember the date.

She met Serena in the Luxembourg Gardens at four o'clock. Serena was brimming over with delight, and in a great hurry to get to the special little confectionery for delicious chocolate.

"I wrote a whole sentence in shorthand without a mistake," cried Serena as they hurried along. "Daddy gave me five francs to spend, and I don't think shorthand is as silly as it looks. Daddy was very seedy when he went off this morning; I do hope it isn't influenza. Was that dressmaker who wanted a tailoring hand any good?"

"No," replied Jeanne. "She wanted one three months ago but not just now."

Make a New Year's resolution—begin to save—

Court

They soon reached the little dairy, and Serena was very happy in playing hostess. It was a real delight to order chocolate and creamy cakes, and ask Jeanne what she would like. Serena did it very nicely, too, for although she had a soft corner for sweet cakes, it was more pleasure to her to see Jeanne eating them than to eat them herself.

"Papa Delplace asked me again today to come and learn to make wigs," murmured Jeanne, wondering whether she would ever be able to get through one of those immense éclairs which had just been placed on the table. Funny, because she could generally manage two quite easily. Parachutes took the appetite away.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Serena.

Jeanne lifted her shoulders with a little impatient movement.

"I said I'd start tomorrow morning," she replied. "I can't go on like this any longer, even though I shall feel like sister Anne sitting among the heads of Bluebeard's wives! I'm not surprised that the man in the yellow coat was taken with fright when Pierre showed him into that dim workshop. I shall have to screw myself up, and force myself to touch the nasty hair for it positively gives me the creeps." She was thinking how disappointed Serena would be if she did not accept a second cake. There was the plate coming round again!

"Serena, I couldn't," she murmured. "Nonsense, I've got five francs," replied Serena. "Just think of what we can do with five francs! Take the one with the cherry on the top."

It was still quite light when they made their way towards the crowded boulevard which led homeward, and it was when they were about to cross the road that Serena clutched Jeanne's arm.

"The man in the yellow coat!"

Perhaps it was the shock of seeing that peculiarly long coat vanishing down the street, perhaps it was a vivid and sudden thought of an immense open space of grayness and a little seed with a wing dropping through the air—Jeanne could not tell quite what it was, but at that moment she felt very queer and ill.

"Quick," whispered Serena. "I'll follow him! You get a policeman. Jeanne—are you ill?"

"Go and follow him," murmured Jeanne. "I can't—I'm giddy. I tested the parachute."

Serena's face blanched, and she thought no more of the man in the yellow coat. Seldom at a loss in an emergency, she hailed a taxi.

"It's only the excitement, now it's over," sighed Jeanne, leaning back comfortably. "It's silly, but I keep thinking I'm coming down like a seed with a wing."

"Don't you worry," murmured Serena. "You're here, and we're going home to Chestnut Court. Nothing else matters. Jeanne, how could you do it when you promised me you wouldn't?"

"I didn't intend to—then," answered Jeanne. "It just happened. It isn't any worse than making wigs, and somebod-

got to do it. I wasn't really afraid, Serena. It's only a sort of—air sickness—I've got. I shan't have it next time."

Serena looked at her friend, this brave girl who defied danger.

"You are a heroine," whispered Serena. "Don't you shake your head at me like that—you are, a true heroine."



CHAPTER VI The Millionaire

Jeanne was sitting in old Delplace's workshop knotting hair into fine canvas. She sat on a stool in a ray of sunlight, and the glossy black hair she was handling lay in a "tail" upon the discolored oak table. Old Delplace stood beside her explaining patiently how she should hold her needle.

"So you're not leaving after all?" asked old Delplace. "Your grandmother tells me that you've been working at the airdrome, but she was very vague about it. What do you do, wings?"

"No—I haven't helped with the wings yet," replied Jeanne evasively. "Odd jobs, you know. There's always some sort of work on the aviation grounds that they sometimes give to outsiders. It will help me to carry on till you can pay me properly. Do you think I shall be any good? Now I've actually got hold of the hair, it isn't half as bad as I thought. In fact it will be rather fun making those little frizzle-me-jigs—slide pieces you call them."

"Don't you try to run before you can walk," replied old Delplace severely. "You sew all that hair in, and then take it out again because I'm not going to have it wasted. So you saw the man in the yellow coat yesterday, and were foolish enough to lose sight of him in the crowd."

"We couldn't exactly hold him by the coat-tails," laughed Jeanne. "Suppose he wasn't the stranger? We've only got Pierre's word for his remarkable overcoat, and if Pierre sees an ant he might quite likely tell you it was an anteater! He can't help it, his eyes magnify. That must be Serena."

Nobody but Serena could make such a noise coming down the stairs, and suddenly she emerged like a shot from under the archway.

"Daddy's got influenza," she announced. "Isn't it awful? Luckily I caught the doctor on the third landing—he was going to see the artist who's been ill ever since he arrived—and he said Daddy was to stay in bed for two days, and not to go near the office for a week. And I'm going to the Grand Hotel this afternoon."

"Whatever for?" asked Jeanne. "There's an American millionaire staying there," replied Serena. "He appears to be taking neckties home to all his friends and relations in New York!"

(Continued on page 55)

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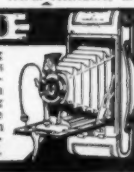
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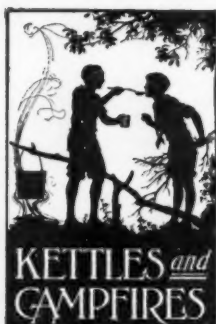
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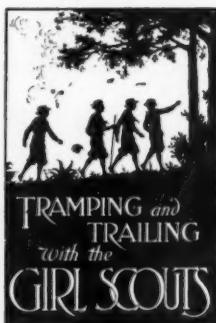
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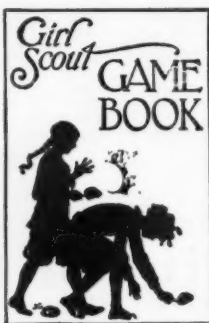
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Chestnut Court



(Continued from page 53)

Daddy's firm has had some very beautiful silk specially sent from Lyons for him to see, and Daddy was going to take it to him this afternoon; he wishes to choose his own patterns. Of course, Daddy can't go now, and he suggested that, as he has the silk here, I should take it. So I telephoned to the office, and they said it would be all right, and I'm going to keep the appointment for Daddy at the Grand Hotel this afternoon.

"I wonder what millionaires are like," said Jeanne.

"I'll tell you when I come back—that is if I see him," laughed Serena, and went back to her father.

But she looked out of one of the landing windows to wave to Jeanne, and noticed that the chestnut tree was green. Yes, the little brown spikes had burst, and the crumpled leaves hung from the branches like the wings of a butterfly that has just left the cocoon. Soon they would spread out like fans. And where would Jeanne be by the time the rich brown chestnuts dropped onto the cracked stones, and all the little boys from the neighboring streets came creeping in to get them, braving old Del-place who ran after them with his inevitable wig in his hand? Then the leaves would turn brown, and at last, like great golden moths, they would float in at all the windows and lie on the ground, cracking with laughter. That was the pageant of the chestnut tree.

Mr. Southcott was not seriously ill, therefore Serena left him that afternoon without any qualms. On her way she turned down the passage to the Duchess' apartment with a nice mutton chop on a plate. In spite of the fact that she seldom thought before she acted, Serena had an economical mind and a heart of gold, and these two combined helped to counteract her rather erratic impulses. As she had ordered one chop too many the Duchess must eat it, and Serena did not forget that a chop accompanied by a piece of butter in which to fry it, a sprig of parsley, and two tomatoes, would be much more acceptable than a solitary piece of meat. Therefore, all these things were daintily arranged on the plate which was discreetly covered with a Japanese paper napkin.

"Is your gas working nicely?" asked Serena when the Duchess appeared. It was so much better to put it that way, than to ask if there were any money in the slot meter.

"Beautifully," replied the Duchess. "My child, what have you brought me?"

"Nothing," answered Serena.

"I'm in a terrible hurry," and away she bounced.

She felt very important as she walked along with the parcel of silk under her arm, and a trifle excited. She had never been into an hotel like the Grand, and the experience

pleased her. Her spirits were very high.

When she reached the hotel she felt a little awed, and walked away to look at her reflection in the mirror of a shop window before entering. Was she all right? She was never quite sure about her personal appearance! Her green felt hat sat firmly on her head, her straight golden hair lay flat and tidy on her pink cheeks, her green coat was smart if not of a very good quality, but one button hung by a thread.

"Can't be helped," reflected Serena. "Better pull it off and pretend the coat's undone. If I lose it I shall never get another to match. Oh, dear, I wish I had a pair of brown shoes with straps, but it's a blessing I've new gloves."

She took them out of her pocket—a new pair of putty-colored fabric gloves—put them on carefully, and popped the little press buttons with satisfaction. One more glance at herself, and off she went to the hotel, and entered the hall with dignity.

It was a huge place with a rose-colored carpet, and gold flashing from corners, and palms in pots, and pages in cherry-red uniforms. She walked over to a sort of desk in a corner where a girl in a black silk dress and four rows of pearls round her pretty neck was talking to someone on the telephone. Serena waited till she had finished her conversation, wondering whether the pearls had been made by an inmate of Chestnut Court, for she knew they had come from no oyster, and then she said very politely: "Please may I see Mr. John Porter?"

The girl did not think it possible as Monsieur Porter was leaving that afternoon, and had just rung for a page to help him with his packing.

"He is expecting my father," Serena explained, "but as he is ill I have come instead. I can't leave the parcel because Mr. Porter has to choose something which I am to take direct to my father's office afterwards."

"What is your name?" asked the girl. "I am sure Mr. Porter will not see you."

However, she took the telephone and announced a moment later that Monsieur Porter would see Monsieur Southcott if he would kindly go upstairs.

"I could not make him understand that it was Mademoiselle Southcott," said the girl, "but you had better go up."

So Serena followed the page up the rose-carpeted stairs and the boy ushered her into an immense room with mirrors everywhere, and leather cases scattered all over the floor.

"I will tell Monsieur," he said, and vanished.

Serena was shocked by the untidiness.

That a millionaire could live in such disorder amazed her. There were coats on the backs of chairs, open maps fluttering on the piano, guide books on the marble mantelpiece, pipes on the table and rugs, bags, and goggles everywhere.

(Continued on page 58)



MOTHERS ARE ADVISED TO USE THEIR OWN JUDGMENT

WHEN BUYING

CHINCHILLA COATS!

*Never Mind What Some Store-
Keepers Want To Sell You*

**INSIST on being shown coats
made of the GENUINE**

Lambkin

Look for the Label

PURE LAMBSWOOL

SUPERIOR CHINCHILLA

FOR COMPARISON—

THEN USE

YOUR OWN JUDGMENT!

**YOU WILL AT ONCE NOTE THE
DIFFERENCE**



IF you can't get the GENUINE Lambkin in your city, write us and we will get you a garment, the best made, from a manufacturer, AT COST.

**SAMPLE SWATCHES MAILED ON REQUEST
BEWARE OF "CHEAP" CHINCHILLAS**

**GUARANTEED FOR THREE SEASONS' HARD WEAR
BY**

**ARGYLE WOOLEN COMPANY
251-4th Ave., New York, N. Y.
Makers of Fine Cloths**

All your favorite authors have sent in stories for your magazine



Mystery stories

"American Girl" readers

Where will you find the
best stories for girls?

In THE AMERICAN GIRL
for 1929!

"YES, Mary Frances Shuford is going to write some more Midge stories. She is at work right now on 'Midge's White Elephant', and she promises that as soon as that is finished, she will have some more stories for us about Oakdale Seminary.

"And Augusta Huiell Seaman is going to do us another of her thrilling mysteries; and Jane Abbott is writing more of her satisfying stories about girls who might almost be us, they are so human; and they make us feel, somehow, as if our own life were thrillingly and exciting, too.

"If you chuckled over 'Jo Ann and the Joop' this month, wait until you read about Jo Ann's valentine party in February. It takes place at Jo Ann's boarding school and—don't speak of it loudly—Jo Ann has a beau. And Ellis Parker Butler is going to write for us about Jo Ann all during the year."

We tell you about these things at once, because they are what almost everybody asked for in the "What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine" contest. The judge is working on that contest right now, and by the time you have received this copy of the magazine the winners will have been notified, and the thirteen prizes will be on their way. We will tell you all about the winners in January.

And speaking of contests, of course you all know about the prize THE AMERICAN GIRL and



Boarding school stories

These writers will have
stories in "The American
Girl" in 1929

Augusta Huiell Seaman

Two thrilling mystery stories

Jane Abbott

Stories about girls like us

Ellis Parker Butler

A whole series of Jo Ann stories

Constance Lindsay Skinner

A story of knights and ladies

Kenneth Payson Kempton

Adventure stories

Mary Frances Shuford

More Midge stories

Phyllis Duganne

The further adventures of the "Gang"

Clarice Detzer

A Girl Scout adventure

Alida Sims Malkus

About a girl of today

Caroline Dale Snedeker

A Made-to-Order story

**The Prize Girl's Book
for 1929**

will run serially

**The most exciting mystery
serial**

Watch for it

Harpers have been offering for the very best books for girls. Well, it would seem as if almost every writer in the United States—and in England, too—has set out to write a best book for girls. THE AMERICAN GIRL office is running over with them. After the first of December, Mrs. Kathleen Norris and Miss Bertha Mahoney and Mr. Claude Leland, who are the judges, will decide which is best—and this best book for girls will start serially in THE AMERICAN GIRL in March.

We must whisper a word about a new mystery serial we are going to have in 1929, too. Secret passages, an old castle, a modern girl, a ghost—it is too exciting to put down.

Hazel Rawson Cades promises that she will write on the things you all have asked for; and Helen Perry Curtis is already at work on summer dresses that you can make yourself; Ilonka Karasz is going to tell us about how to make a modern girl's room; Gurney Williams continues the adventures of Mary Ellen.

So many of you asked for a biography of Amelia Earhart that we rushed right out and here it is in the December issue. Watch for the other biographies that you wanted, too. And, oh yes, there will be more "I Am a Girl Who—" stories, and a brand new series.

You won't want to miss a single issue of 1929—they will be the liveliest, best issues THE AMERICAN GIRL has ever had, with more and better stories, articles and illustrations that you will love. Be sure to get THE AMERICAN GIRL next year.

What about the prize book of the "Harper American Girl" Contest?

always know *the* answer

How can a Girl Scout troop
earn large sums of money?



Ghost stories



About other girls

By an AMERICAN GIRL Campaign!

"We need four hundred dollars to fix up the Lodge at camp," a Girl Scout Local Director wrote us last week. "We are putting on an AMERICAN GIRL Campaign to earn the money." We wish them all sorts of good luck!

"We are going to use the money we make to furnish our troop house," another letter reads. "THE AMERICAN GIRL Campaign is just what we need."

In another city the troops themselves are keeping the money they make, to use for what they need most; in still another place each patrol is trying to earn enough to furnish its own corner in the troop room.

And all over the country Girl Scouts are busy with AMERICAN GIRL campaigns—we have news from Chicago and Cleveland, from Bergen, New Jersey, and New York City, from Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah, from Jackson, Michigan, from Georgia and New Mexico.

In one city, a department store has staged a big AMERICAN GIRL exhibit and a famous writer is going to tell about the magazine; in another the Girl Scouts are working out a nature project in connection with the campaign; many are writing that they are planning AMERICAN GIRL window displays.

All of these cities are telling the people of their community about

An "American Girl" Campaign will do this for you:

Tell your community about the Girl Scouts

Girls who are not Girl Scouts learn about the organization from THE AMERICAN GIRL

Help us make a bigger and better magazine

As we grow, we will have more pages to the magazine and we can add new features

Help your girls to form good taste in reading

THE AMERICAN GIRL is encouraging the best writers and artists to write for girls

Let all your girls know about "The American Girl"

Many of them would like their own magazine if they knew about it

Earn money for your troops, or for Local Headquarters

You can earn thirty-five cents on each one-year subscription and fifty cents on each two-year subscription if you conduct an AMERICAN GIRL campaign

the Girl Scouts; they are helping us make a finer and bigger magazine for girls—one that will be their very own; they are telling girls who don't know about the magazine where they can get stories and articles that are especially written for girls; they are helping girls form good taste in reading—and they are earning money for themselves.

Because in an AMERICAN GIRL campaign, the registered earn-your-own representatives of THE AMERICAN GIRL can earn thirty-five cents on every one-year subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL and fifty cents on every two-year subscription.

We have sent every local director full directions for conducting an AMERICAN GIRL campaign. If yours went astray, let us know, and we will send you another. But be sure to write us notifying us that you are holding a campaign, and to enroll your representatives as earn-your-own members so that they will be able to collect the commission.



Things to make



Sports stories

Miss Elsie Wrase,
The American Girl, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York

We wish to hold an AMERICAN GIRL campaign. Please send us full particulars.

Street & No. City. State.

I am State what Girl Scout office you hold

Why, it's coming in the magazine next year—don't miss it!

Work Hand in Hand with Santa



Help Trim a Tree

IT DOESN'T need to cost you anything! And you can make your best friend so happy this Christmas.

Sally can have that Girl Scout flashlight; Jane, her stationery; Isabel, her sewing kit; Josephine, her ring; Elsie, her . . . but, there, you can see for yourself from the list below the lovely things you can give this Christmas.

All these gifts you can get free by securing new and renewal AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions in your locality!

Mothers and aunts will subscribe right away when you tell them of the best magazine for their girls. It's so easy!

Begin your Christmas shopping early by getting AMERICAN GIRL premiums today.

Premiums for Christmas Presents

Article	1 Yr.	2 Yrs.
Stationery	1	
Midget Pin	1	
Song Book	1	
Aluminum Sewing Kit	1	
Handkerchief	1	
Whistle	1	
G. S. Game Book	1	
Guide Rope	1	
Iodine Pen	1	
Pandaux	1	
Knots, Hitches & Splices	1	
Scouting is Fun	1	
Girl Guide Book of Games	1	
First Aid Book	2	1
First Aid Kit (small)	2	1
Knife, No. 2	2	1
Handbook	2	1
Sun Watch	2	1
Compass (plain)	2	1
American Girl (1 year)	3	
Ring (silver)	3	
Knife, No. 1	3	
Compass (radiote)	3	
Axe	3	
Hloomers	3	
Knife (hunting)	3	
Nature Project	3	
Middy	3	
First Aid Camp Kit	3	
Flashlight (small)	3	
Flashlight (large)	4	
Pedometer	4	
Ring (gold)	4	
Knickers	4	
Camp Kit	4	
Haversack No. 2	4	
G. S. Handylights	4	
First Aid Kit (large)	5	
Aluminum Mess Kit	5	
Aluminum Canteen	5	
Girl Scout Book Ends	6	
Archery Set (special)	7	
Wrist Watch	7	
Camera Kodak	11	8

The New Uniform

Dress (sizes 8-12)	8	6
" " (14-44)	9	7
Hat	3	2
Web belt (sizes 28-38)	2	1
" " (40-46)	3	2
Neckerchief	1	
Stockings (cotton)	1	
" (woolen)	3	2
Sport belt	2	1

PREMIUMS which are listed for two-year subscriptions only cannot be given for one-year subscriptions. Nor can 1 two-year subscription be accepted in place of 2 one-year subscriptions. Part payments in money cannot be accepted.

Premiums cannot be allowed on your own subscriptions.

Premiums must be requested at the time the subscription order is sent.

Chestnut Court

(Continued from page 55)

"And I'm sure it's supposed to be a drawing-room," thought Serena. "He doesn't know how to pack, that's what it is. Oh, la, la, is that a millionaire?"

A young man had entered from behind a rose velvet curtain, surprised to see a young girl standing beneath his crystal chandelier. She announced very rapidly that she had come instead of her father and, clearing a little space on the table between cigarette boxes and thermos flasks, opened her parcel, and explained her errand. She dared not look at the millionaire properly until he was examining the silk, then she scrutinized him keenly, and committed to memory every detail of his appearance that she might tell Jeanne about him as soon as she got home.

She was bitterly disappointed. There was nothing at all about him different from other men, and he could not have been more than twenty-five or six. In Serena's estimation, millionaires were all old, and very, very different from the rest of mankind, but this young man was dressed no better than her father. Nevertheless he had a nice face—a nice round pinkish face with a straight mouth, grave brown eyes, a long nose like the Duchess', and hands like Pierre's, rather knobby with filbert nails. Indeed, Serena thought that by the look of him and the room he was quite as mad on motor cars as Pierre was on the bicycle that he did not possess. He looked very out of place taking up one piece of exquisite silk after another, and at last he sighed, and turned to Serena.

"I don't know anything about silk," he said in English but with an American accent. "I have a friend who is starting an exclusive men's outfitting store, and he

wishes to specialize in silk ties and handkerchiefs, so he asked me to obtain samples and prices from Lyons. As I said before, I know nothing of silk—cars are my line—and my bad French probably muddled things. I arranged it over the telephone, and expected a representative would call and see me, and send the stuff direct to my friend in America."

"I quite understand," said Serena briskly. "If you will give me the address to which the samples are to be sent, somebody belonging to the firm will telephone to you tomorrow or call and see you."

"Are you in the silk business?" smiled Mr. Porter.

"No," answered Serena. "I am going to be a private secretary some day when I have learned shorthand."

"I should say you'll make a good one," replied the millionaire, as he wrote the address.

Serena was quite pleased with herself as she packed up the silk, but in the general disorder the string with which the parcel had been tied had vanished.

"I will find you another piece," said the young man, and he went into the adjoining room.

While she waited, Serena let her eyes take in the room. There was an automobile map on the piano! She crossed the room to examine the map, and there beside it on the polished surface of the grand piano was a small grey leather jewel case. It was open. Inside was something which looked like a college pin, and—the Duchess' ring.

The Duchess' ring, Serena gripped the piano, the walls seemed to swim round her, and she heard Mr. Porter's footsteps returning to the drawing-room. Snatching the



(Continued on page 61)

When You Dye Your Own Batik

(Continued from page 29)

small scrap of silk to see if the color is satisfactory, then plunge your wet material into the bath. Stir it around, using rubber gloves to protect your hands, until you are certain that every part of the unwaxed silk is colored. Then squeeze the material through your hands so that the wax will let in a little of the dye and give the batik crackle.

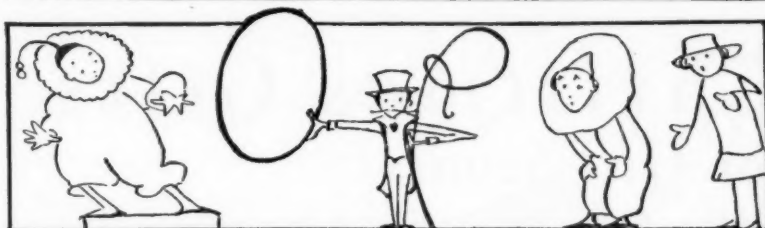
When the article is thoroughly dyed, remove it from the bath and wash it in warm Castile soapsuds until no color runs out. Rinse in cold water in which you have put a drop of acetic acid and let the material dry. Then soak it for half an hour, rubbing gently from time to time, in a quart of gasoline and rinse it in gasoline until it is entirely free of wax. The final step is to hang out the batik to remove the gasoline odor.

If you want to use more than one dye in different shades of the same color,

wax your design as I have told you and dip the silk in a bath of the lighter shade first. Then wax all portions that you want to remain that shade and dip again into the darker dye. In this way, as the darker shades are put on, the lighter shades are protected by the wax. Always let the material dry before putting on a coat of wax. When using two colors, be sure you do not dye one over another to make a third. Remember that blue and yellow make green, and if you want your batik to be pure blue and yellow, wax all the yellow parts before you dip it into the blue.

When two shades of the same color are used, the gasoline bath is not necessary until all the waxing and dyeing have been done. But when you employ contrasting dyes, the whole process, as for a one color batik—washing, gasoline bath and all—must be repeated after each dye to make a successful job.

Get your friends on the subscription list right away—



Laugh and Grow Scout



A New Method

YOUNG LADY (on first visit to western ranch): What do you use that coil of line on your saddle for?

COWPUNCHER: That line, as you call it, lady, we use for catching cattle.

YOUNG LADY: Oh, indeed! Now, may I ask what do you use for bait?
—Sent by MARY BACON, Anna, Illinois.

Sure On His Dates

TEACHER: In which of his battles was King Gustavus of Sweden slain?

PUPIL: I'm pretty sure it was his last one.—Sent by ELIZABETH SPAULDING, Weston, Massachusetts.

The Latest in Serving

A boy made his first trip into the city from his little village. He treated himself to an ice cream cone, walked outside to eat it, and then brought back the cone to the counter. Handing it to the clerk, he said, "Thanks for the vase!"—Sent by ADA REED MCGILL, Austin, Texas.



Works Both Ways

"Tommy," asked his mother, "isn't it rather extravagant to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"Oh, no, Mother," he answered. "It's economy. You see the same piece of

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

The Conscientious Horse

A TRAVELER in the West noticed that a farmer was having trouble with his horse. It would start, go slowly for a short distance and then stop again. Thereupon the traveler approached the farmer and asked solicitously: "Is your horse sick?"

"Not as I knows of," was the farmer's reply.

"Is he balky?" the traveler asked.

"No," replied the farmer hastily, "but he is so danged 'fraid I'll say 'whoa' and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."—Sent by VIRGINIA NELSON, Atlanta, Georgia.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

E. SMITH, Newport, Rhode Island.

Color, Please?

GIRL SCOUT: I'd like to buy some lard.

GROCER: Pail?

GIRL SCOUT: Oh, I didn't know that lard came in two shades.—Sent by ELNOR BANCROFT, Norwood, Pennsylvania.

Hard to Tell

MAY: I'm so glad you like it! Mother says chicken salad and strawberry tarts are the only things I make correctly.

DOLLY: Which is this, darling?—Sent by MILDRED LATT, East Bridgeport, Mass.

The Same Thing

Johnny was dividing an apple between his older sister and himself. He took the larger half and gave Mary the smaller.

"If that had only been me," said Mary, "I'd have kept the smaller half."

Johnny replied, "Well, what are you hollering about? You've got the smaller half."—Sent by VIRGINIA BRENNAN, Louisville, Kentucky.

bread does for both."—Sent by HELEN CHAMBERS, East Orange, New Jersey.

A Good Present

DUCK: What do you want Santa Claus to bring you this Christmas?

TURKEY: I'd be satisfied with a life insurance policy.—Sent by MARY STRONG, Elkhorn, Wisconsin.

A Poor Invention

CLERK: How are you coming along with your poultry?

CUSTOMER: I've been swindled. I bought three different incubators and not one has laid an egg yet.—Sent by VIRGINIA



Santa Claus finds it easy to get a pair of

NORTHLAND SKIS

down the chimney. Ask dad to tell him you want the kind of skis the experts use. Genuine Northlands bear the deerhead trademark. Free booklet on "How to Ski".



NORTHLAND SKI MFG. CO.
83 Merriam Park, St. Paul, Minn.



They're
Healthy!
Help them
stay that way

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL
TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS
OF THE UNITED STATES



The "Write" Gift for Children

Individual Name
DE LUXE PENCIL SETS 1.00
Post Paid

Trademark Reg.

Embossed genuine leather case with coin pocket, a fine ruler and a colorful assortment of lead pencils, every piece engraved with name in 18 Kt. Gold. A point protector and sharpener included —Supreme in its class.

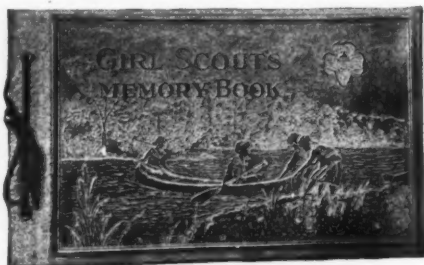
Junior Set — Embossed genuine leather case and 3 pencils, 50c
name engraved in 18 Kt. Gold

Send check, money order, cash or U. S. Postage
IMPRINT PENCIL CO., Inc.
112 Fourth Ave., New York City

Let them enjoy next year's wonderful issues!

Useful Christmas Gifts for Girl Scouts

Select your Holiday Gifts from this page which
presents a Variety of Suggestions



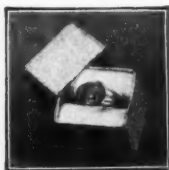
Girl Scout Memory Book. An attractive album with embossed leather cover. Suitable for use as memory book or photograph album.

Black \$1.50
Black and gray 2.00

Trefoil Seal Ring; a most popular article. Comes in attractive velvet lined box; sizes 3-9.

10K. gold \$3.00
Silver 1.00

(Ring cards on application.)



KNIFE

Official Knife with trefoil seal, stag handle, large blade of finest steel. Has screw-driver, bottle and can opener, punching blade and ring for belt.

No. 1 \$1.60
With two blades. No. 2 1.05



WOODSMAN'S KNIFE

Girl Scout Woodsman's Knife, ideal for hikes and camp. Always open and ready for rough work, yet safe in its sheath of stout tan leather. Blade of the best steel, handle of polished hard wood curved to fit the hand. Will stand rough usage. Slips onto the belt \$1.60

OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT FLASH-LIGHT

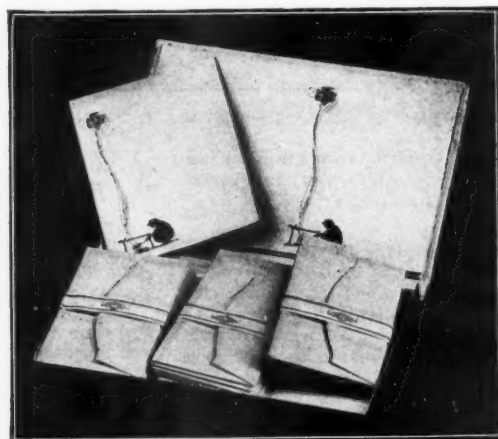
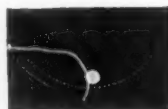
May be worn on belt, suspended by ring as tent light or stood erect as desired. Has 200 foot range with focusing lens. Official insignia imprinted on durable green finish of case. Price, complete with battery . . . \$2.50



GIRL SCOUT PURSE

Girl Scout Purse made of brown genuine leather, pocket for registration card and one for money.

Equipped with straps to fasten on belt. Girl Scout trefoil on flap . . . 30 cents
Same style in green suede with G. S. Insignia on snap 50 cents



Official Girl Scout Stationery; 24 sheets of excellent quality cream-colored writing paper with envelopes to match. Paper stamped in brown with charming silhouette drawing, featuring trefoil seal. Stationery is attractively boxed. It is one of the most popular items of equipment, due to its attractiveness, low price and the Girl Scout touch it adds to letters 55 cents

Write for complete illustrated catalogue. Address all orders to

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPT., GIRL SCOUTS, INC.
670 Lexington Avenue
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"American Girl" readers are better Girl Scouts—

Chestnut Court

(Continued from page 58)

ring from the case Serena, scarcely knowing what she did, fled from the room.

What has happened so far in this story

Serena Southcott, a motherless English girl, lives with her father in a quaint corner of Paris called Chestnut Court because of the great chestnut tree that raises its black branches to the sky right in the middle of the court.

Serena's best friend is Jeanne, who lives with her young brother and grandmother just across the court. Jeanne sews for dressmakers and her grandmother works for a perfumer. There are other people in the court, too—Monsieur de Villeroze, the musician, Papa Delplace, the wigmaker, and last, but very nearly the most important of all, the Duchess, a delicate old lady, fragile as the fine laces she mends.

There is a mystery about the Duchess that adds to Jeanne's and Serena's interest in her. She has a ring, a huge diamond which Papa Delplace declares is an imitation, but even he has his doubts when one day the word goes around that the Duchess had lost her ring and is much upset about it.

Pierre, Jeanne's brother, has a theory about the ring's disappearance. He has discovered a man skulking around the court the night before the ring is missing and has seen him peer into the Duchess' window. Of course, says Pierre, this man is the thief. Also the fact that the stub of a foreign cigaret is found in the room seems to indicate that there has been a stealthy visitor, for the Duchess will allow no one to smoke in her home.

When the police ask if the diamond is a real one, the Duchess answers that it is a minor historical gem called *The Last Hope*. Why she should have such a valuable stone in her possession when sometimes she has hardly enough to eat, no one can understand. She tells Serena that it was presented by one of the kings of France to an ancestor of hers for a great service rendered to the country, and that she will never part with it until she gives it to its rightful owner.

Two weeks pass and still the ring is not found, nor is the mysterious prowler discovered. Serena's life goes on as usual, except that she begins a shorthand course. Jeanne loses her position as a dressmaker's apprentice and is busy trying to find a new one. She is discouraged at the difficulty she is having and suggests that perhaps she will test parachutes, as a friend of hers has done. Serena is frightened at the thought of the risk and begs Jeanne not to think of doing such work. She changes the topic of conversation to the Duchess' diamond and announces that Mr. Southcott has found listed in a book about precious stones, a famous historical gem called *The Last Hope*.

Through the Paris streets runs Serena, the Duchess' diamond in her hand, and a tumult in her brain. How had it come to the young millionaire? Was he the thief or—but unexpected news awaited her.

Are You Working Toward the Craftsman Badge?



Here's a CRAYOLA Suggestion to Help You

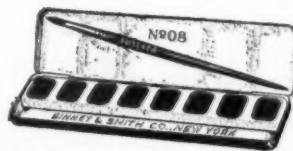
Dear Sue:

My Christmas list is hounding me, but I simply must tell you the good news! I've earned my Craftsman Badge for handcraft and design! Isn't that exciting?

Sue, it was simply fascinating work, and I stopped only long enough to eat. And simple—well, you'll have to try it to know. And it's the greatest boon of my life this Christmas time! Why don't you try it?

But I haven't told you what it is yet, have I? It's making batik paper with CRAYOLA Wax Crayons and ARTISTA Water Colors! And I've made the duckiest little memo books with batik paper covers for all the girls in my troop, and a lampshade for Mother that will astound you. But don't tell, will you? I'm so excited!

Hastily,
Beth.



ARTISTA Water Colors No. 08

WHY don't you make some batik paper the way Beth does? Here's the way to do it. Plan an all-over design on any kind of unruled writing or drawing paper. With two CRAYOLA Wax Crayon colors, fill in the masses of design using the CRAYOLA very heavily. Immerse the whole sheet of paper in water, and while it is wet, drop brilliant ARTISTA Water Colors all over the CRAYOLA design. Crush the whole sheet in your hands. Open it up and press with a moderately hot iron between two sheets of paper until dry.

CRAYOLA comes in mighty handy around Christmas time, but it doesn't stop there, for you'll find a dozen and one times throughout the year when you'll need it . . . and ARTISTA Water Colors and PERMA Pressed Crayons . . . for your Nature work, stenciling, making party

favors and decorations, place-cards, valentines, birthday cards, Christmas cards; and at school for map and chart work.

You can buy CRAYOLA Crayons in assortments of 8, 12, 16, 18, and 24 colors for from 10 cents to 30 cents a package. ARTISTA Water Colors come in 4, 8, and 16 color assortments, at from 50 cents to \$1, neatly packed in a black enamel box with camel hair brushes. PERMA Pressed Crayons (for fine lines) come in boxes of 8 colors at 20 cents a box.

Almost every stationery, department, art supply and drug store carries CRAYOLA, PERMA, and ARTISTA. We'll gladly send you a generous sample for a "try-out" if you will fill in the attached coupon and mail it to us with six cents in stamps (to cover cost of mailing and postage).

BINNEY & SMITH CO.

41 EAST 42 STREET

NEW YORK, N. Y.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.

41 East 42 Street
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose 6c (to cover cost of mailing).

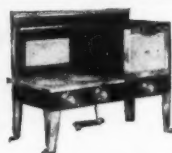
Please send me a sample of CRAYOLA and PERMA.

Name

Address

Coupon

They keep track of new things in Girl Scouting through these pages



A Real Electric Range (Only 16 inches High)

That Really Cooks and Bakes

This latest miniature Empire Range (B-25) with its stylish colored panels, cooks and bakes just like a big stove. And with each range you get a two-cup percolator, fry pan, pie tin and six section muffin and cake tin—all made from aluminum. The MODERN GIRL is asking for an Empire Range this Christmas. But beware of imitations. Better write for the Empire folder and prices now.

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look its best at
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parties

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pooes, properly done,
can bring out the real
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PINEFOAM

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Safe and pure. It has a refreshing
effect on the hair and keeps the scalp
healthy. It is excellent to prevent
dandruff. Free sample on request.

CHRISTMAS MONEY

for yourself or your Troop can be easily earned
by selling our attractive Christmas Package—two
20-shampoo Pinefoam cakes and a shampoo jacket
—for one dollar. Write for details.

THE PINEFOAM CO.

Sales Dept. 2 334 E 27th St., N. Y. C.

Christmas Candies

(Continued from page 31)

You may vary this recipe in many ways. For a coffee fondant use coffee instead of water for the liquid; for maple fondant, use only one-half cup of water instead of three-fourths and add one-third cup of maple sirup and leave out the corn sirup; for brown sugar fondant, use half white and half brown sugar and omit the corn sirup.

When your fondant has ripened, it is ready to be made into a great variety of candies. Here are some of them and you probably will be inspired to concoct many more yourselves.

Stuffed Prunes

Select large prunes. Soak them over night. Steam them until well puffed up. Cool them and remove the stones. Make small balls of the fondant and insert in the prunes. Roll each one in granulated sugar.

Stuffed Figs

For this, use pulled figs. Wash the figs and steam them. In the top of each, cut two slits at right angles to each other, fold back the corners and insert a small ball of fondant. Roll each fig either in granulated sugar or powdered sugar.

Stuffed Dates

Wash, dry and stone dates. Fill the cavities with a small ball of fondant. Roll in granulated or in powdered sugar, if you like.

Molded Patties

Divide a batch of fondant into four parts. To part one, add a drop or two of oil of peppermint and a little green vegetable coloring matter if you have it. Knead and mold until the flavoring and coloring matter are well mixed with the fondant. Then break off pieces and roll each piece into a little ball. Pat it into a little cake or patty and top it with half of a walnut meat or an almond, or half of a candied cherry. To part two, add lemon flavoring and yellow coloring; to part three, wintergreen flavor and pink coloring; to part four, a little chocolate melted over hot water and some vanilla flavoring.

Dropped Patties

For this kind of patty, put a batch of fondant in the top of a double boiler over hot water, keeping the water just below the boiling point. Stir the fondant to mix it. If it is too stiff, add a teaspoon of hot water; if not stiff enough, let stand over hot water for ten minutes or more, if needed, to stiffen it. Spread a sheet of waxed paper on a smooth surface. Take up a spoonful of the fondant and drop it from the tip of the spoon onto the paper, always keeping the tip of the spoon directly over the center

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MOST MODERATE RATES!

Single room, running water.....\$2.00

For two.....\$3.50

Single room, private bath.....\$3.00

For two.....\$5.00-\$6.00

Only hotel in Philadelphia with a
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Garage connected with Hotel

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The Award of A Girl Scout
Badge or Insignia
Is a Definite Recognition
of Accomplishment
Wear them Always

Sold exclusively by the
National Equipment Department
of the Girl Scouts

We would be interested in receiving inquiries from
other organizations of either a local or national
character, relative to our products.

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Make beautiful articles yourself of Leather

Book covers, pocketbooks, brief cases,
bags, belts and all kinds of beautiful,
useful articles. Easy to make with
Graton & Knight craft leathers. Pat-
terns, designs and tools furnished.

Send this advertisement with 10c for
the 96-page Leathercraft book that
gives complete instructions on how to
make many interesting articles of
leather.

Graton & Knight Company
Worcester, Mass.

An "American Girl" renewal for your Christmas present—



of the patty. As soon as the patties are firm, loosen them from the waxed paper.

Another way to make these patties is to pour the melted fondant into buttered muffin or patty tins of the smallest size, to the depth of about one-fourth inch. As soon as they are set, spread a clean towel on a smooth surface. Invert the pan over this, give a vigorous tap, and out fall the candies. Be sure not to turn them out too soon or they will break.

Fondant Slices

Divide a batch of fondant in half. Add flavoring. Knead it. Roll each half on the board until it forms a roll an inch or an inch and one-half in diameter. Roll this in chopped nuts. Then cut in slices about one-fourth or one-half inch in thickness. Top each slice with nut

meats or candied cherries. Half walnuts or pecans are very attractive.

Now for the boxes. There are several ways of packing this candy. My own personal preference is for thin shallow boxes only deep enough to carry one layer. Candy presents a more attractive appearance when packed in this way in a single layer, than when it is put layer on layer in deeper boxes.

Stuffed fruits may be packed in either of two ways. For number one, choose a thin, flat, round box. Cut two pieces of waxed paper to fit exactly the bottom of the box. Put one in place. Around the edge of the box, put a ring of stuffed figs. Inside this, one of stuffed prunes. Next inside this, one of dates, and fill the center with a stuffed fig. Cover with the circle of waxed paper, put on the cover, wrap and tie. Or choose a flat, square, or oblong box and place the fruits in rows, lining the box and covering the packed fruit with heavy waxed paper as before.

For the patties, choose a flat box deep enough to stand the candies on edge and wide enough to take two or four rows. Use four colours—the rose, green, lemon and violet—a row of each or half a row of each. This makes a very attractive box, especially if you use the same colors in the ribbons or papers used for the wrappings.

Mixed candies may be packed one kind to a layer or in rows or rings, as were the stuffed fruits. If you pack them in layers, be sure and put a piece of waxed paper between to keep them from sticking together.

The Singular Affair at Bentley Coast Guard

(Continued from page 15)

ing beyond control, a cold chill seemed to envelop her and her fingers were too numb to hold the receiver. Yet she continued to stand on tiptoe—for the instrument was placed high on the wall—and called and shouted into the mouth-piece and shook the receiver hook up and down, in a frantic effort to locate once more the sender of that strange, unnerving message. But there was no response.

She thought she could not stand it, if the strain were to continue much longer. Here she was, alone in the Coast Guard Station, in the dark, receiving mysterious warnings over the telephone that some dire danger threatened her uncle, unable to find him or communicate them to him; and some uneasy stranger prowling about on the deserted beach in the depths of winter night! No wonder Uncle Amos had been worried and had asked for some one to stay with him. But oh, if it could only have been her father or Junior, instead of her helpless self! If she could only get the lamp lit—if she could only make some impression on that senseless telephone—if Uncle Amos would

only come back! Probably he *had* come back and gone into the house and to bed, thinking that she herself had long since been sound asleep. And here she was alone! Anything might happen in this lonely spot, with the black winter sky overhead and the sea pounding the deserted beach, why, her screams might not even be heard as far as the house, above the roar of the surf, if this lurking danger that she felt should suddenly take shape.

For a moment she was tempted to wrench open the door, fly across the road and into the house. Then the thought of possible danger to her uncle and aunt made her pause. Gritting her teeth and praying for a little more courage, she turned to the telephone, determined to call up whomever she could get—she knew the Coast Guard telephones were not connected with the general lines but were worked on a separate basis—and try to locate the call that had been coming in. She had just taken down the receiver, when she felt the clutch of an icy hand laid in a grip of iron on her shoulder!

And then Aileen turned around to see—what? Part two will tell—so read next month's issue.



Ask your mother, aunt, or grandmother for it today!



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CHARMING AND UNUSUAL

for the Living Room Mantel or Den to beautify a vacant corner

Exact Model of the Original SANTA MARIA or the MAYFLOWER first sailing ships.

The Hull is completely assembled, ready to Rig and Paint. All Sails, Shields and Flags are fully picture decorated in beautiful colors at no extra charge.

Colored picture and full instructions furnished. Wonderful pastime in addition to making the finest replica of this quaint old sailing ship for your home.

\$4.45

PLUS A SMALL PARCEL POST CHARGE. Send check or money order when ordering and mention style Santa Maria or Mayflower.

Special Offer to Girl Scouts:—

Girl Scouts can furnish their Troop Headquarters or Troop Captains with a Santa Maria or the Mayflower absolutely FREE.

By sending in orders for 12 or more ship models as described above we will ship FREE either one of the above models.

This offer is made unrestricted to all members of the Girl Scout organizations.

1631 Mascher & Turner Streets Philadelphia, Pa.

GIFT CRAFTERS

A New Kind of Christmas Gift Musical Instruments that can be played "AT ONCE", without Practice or Study.



SONG-O-PHONE

Without musical training whatever, GIRL SCOUTS can produce fine orchestral effects on these wonder instruments.

These popular SONG-O-PHONES will furnish music for Troop meetings, Parties and Bikes. SONG-O-PHONE bands are a novel and money-making feature for entertainers. By simply humming into a SONG-O-PHONE Cornet, Trombone or Saxophone the voice is converted into the full ringing tones of a real band instrument. Anyone young or old can play. Cornet pictured is in song, 4 1/2" bell, solid brass finish metal. Only \$2.00 (postpaid in U.S.A.). Order one today, get the list of the 20 different inexpensive, popular band instruments.

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How to Make Crystalline Lamp Shades
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How to Make Pajamas
How to Make a Laundry Bag and a Shoe Bag
How to Make Hammered Copper Book Ends
How to Make a Nightgown
How to Make Three Practical Aprons
How to Make an Envelope Bag, Coin Purse and Boutonnieres

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Surprisingly different—unusual. Ultra-smart 1929 styles now ready. Designed for America's leading schools, academies, colleges. Superb quality at low cost. Write at once for FREE samples, giving name, address, school name.
THE HARTER SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.
2060 East 71st St., Cleveland, O.

Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

EFFECTIVE FOR THE CURRENT MONTH

DECEMBER - 1928

Girl Scout Uniforms			Price			Price		
Girl Scout Dress, green...	Size 8-12	4.25	Girl Scout Songs			Nature Program—		Treasurer's or Scribe's Record
Girl Scout Cloth 36" wide	14-44	4.75	Vocal Booklet		.10	A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders		(15 sheets).....25c package
Make-up set		.75	Piano Edition		.30	in their Nature Work		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....3c ea.
Hat, Girl Scout		1.30	Girl Scout Song Sheet		.04	Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides		Individual Record
Skirt	10-42	2.75	Lots of 10 or more		.03	Tenderfoot		(30 sheets).....25c package
Bloomers	10-44	2.75	Goodnight		.15	First Class and Rambler		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....2c ea.
Knee Band Bloomers	10-44	3.00	Hiking On		.30	Song Class and Observer		Troop Advancement Record
Middy (Official)	10-44	1.75	On the Trail		.40	Per Set of 3		3c a sheet
Web Belt	28-38	.65	Piano Edition		.05	Nature Projects—		Troop Reports (30 sheets).....25c package
Girl Scout Top Coat	8-13	16.00	Midget Size		.05	Set of three (Bird, Tree and		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....2c ea.
Officer's Dress	32-44	25.00	Lots of 10 or more		.03	Flower Finder) with note-		
Officer's Cape	32-44	10.00	Spears for Troop and Camp		.15	book cover		
Hat, Officer's, with insignia	6-8	3.00	Onward		.05	Projects, each		
High grade felt	6-8	4.75	To America		.35	Rock, Bird, Tree or Flower		
Belt, Officer's	28-38	1.75	Flags			instruction sheet, each		
Leather, with hooks	28-38	1.75	2x3 ft. Wool		2.25	Garden Flower Project		
Suede, dress	28-38	1.25	3x5 ft. Wool		3.60	Insect Finder Project		
Officer's Top Coat	32-44	1.50	4x6 ft. Wool		4.50	Rock Finder Project		
Officer's Cape	32-44	20.00	NOTE: Two weeks required to letter			Stand Finder Project		
Neckchiefs, Cotton, each		.45	troop flags and pennants.			Land Animal Finder Project		
Neckchiefs, silk, each		2.00				(These projects not supplied in note-		
Black and green						book cover)		
Bandeaux (to match						Audubon Bird Plates		
neckchiefs), each		.45				(set of 50)		
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue,						Pageant—		
brown, cardinal, black, and yellow						Girl Scout's Hope Chest		
Yellow Stickers		3.75				(By Alice Sandford)		
		12				Patrol Register, each		
		14-20				Patrol System for Girl Guides		
Sweaters—Brown and						Plays—		
Green Heather						How St. John Came to Benzer's		
Coat Model	32-40	8.00				School		
Slipper Model	32-40	7.00				A Pot of Red Geraniums		
						Everybody's Affair		
						When the Four Winds Met		
						(By Olea Schrotty)		
						Magic Gold Pieces (By Margaret		
						Macbride)		
						Lots of ten or more, each		
						Simple Dramatics for Troop		
						Meetings		
						Post Cards—		
						Set of Six (Silhouette)		
						Set of four (Colored) (Fall,		
						Winter, Spring, Summer,		
						Sets cannot be broken		
						7 down sets		
						Girl Scout National Headquarters a for		
						Silence		
						Washington Little House (Ex-		
						terior)		
						Washington Little House (Door-		
						way)		
						Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Fries)		
						Per hundred		
						Girl Scout's Promise		
						Per hundred		
						Brownie Laws		
						Per hundred		
						Series of Law Cards		
						Per hundred		
						"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"		
						"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be		
						Trusted		
						"A Girl Scout is Kind to Ani-		
						mals"		
						"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"		
						Any of above, each		
						Per hundred		
						Posters—		
						New Building Poster 9 1/2 x 13 1/4		
						Per dozen		
						New Girl Scout Poster (By Karl		
						Johnson) 11 x 13		
						Girl Scout Creed (By Henry		
						Van Dyke)		
						Girl Scout's Promise, 11x16		
						Per hundred		
						Girl Scout's Promise, 8x11		
						Per dozen		
						Girl Scout Laws		
						Size 14 x 10		
						Size 9 x 11		
						Producing Amateur Entertain-		
						ments (By Helen Ferris)		
						Scout Masterpiece		
						Three Degrees in Hiking		
						Tramping and Trailing with the		
						Girl Scouts		
						Tree Marker (not engraved)		
						Troop Management Course		
						Troop Register (Field Notebook		
						Size)		
						Additional Sheets		
						Cash Record (15 sheets).....25c package		
						Per sheet (broken pkg.).....3c ea.		
						Treasurer's Monthly Record		
						(30 sheets).....25c package		
						Per Sheet (broken pkg.).....2c ea.		

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout Equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc. Headquarters.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official Girl Scout green cloth is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization. Above prices are postage paid and subject to change without notice.

†Authorized department stores cannot sell these items.

*Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards

Mail all Orders to GIRL SCOUTS, Inc. 670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Earn your own equipment with "American Girl" premiums—see page fifty-eight

Ways to Earn Money

Dignified Plan To Make Money For Your Troop



Girl Scout Troops and other societies and clubs conduct "Candy Sales" to raise funds for their treasuries by using the well-known Bylund Plan of selling these nationally advertised 5c candy bars and confections. Sixty other brands to select from.



Write now for full particulars. Samples upon request. No money required. We finance while selling. Shipping charges prepaid by us. All merchandise strictly fresh—must be satisfactory or can be returned at our expense. Special Xmas Candy.



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Sell 5c Candy Bars

Write for
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for Girl Scout troops, Schools, Classes,
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Send us no cash now. Get consent of parent or guardian and order 50 sets of our beautiful Tri-Tone Christmas stamps. Sell them for 10 cents a set. Mail us \$2.50. You keep like amount.

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Dept. G 43 Exchange St. Portland, Maine

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Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and you keep \$2.00. No Work—Just Fun!

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DEPT. 108 AG, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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FOR CHRISTMAS

Sell KRINGLES, the unbreakable tree ornaments—beautiful colors. Sell 60c doz.—post 25c doz. postpaid. Money back if not satisfied. Send 35c for 1 doz. Reference, any bank in Bloomfield. Many girls sold 30-50 boxes.

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Send for 30 CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. Each package containing 48 assorted Christmas Seals, Cards, Tags, etc. Sell for 10c. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.30. Or send for 30 Christmas Greeting Card packages. Each package containing 3 cards and 3 envelopes. Sell for 10c. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.30. We trust you. Send ½, keep ½.

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When Stamps are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND



THE one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth has been commemorated by the surcharging of some of the current two cent postage stamps with the words "Molly Pitcher." Those of you who know your history will remember that Molly Pitcher took the place of her husband who was shot at the Battle of Monmouth and saved his gun from capture by the British soldiers. The surcharge on the stamps has been arranged in two horizontal lines across the face of the stamp and is printed in black ink. These stamps were first placed on sale on October twentieth at Freehold and Red Bank in New Jersey and at Washington, D. C. If you would like to have one of them, send five cents. This includes return postage to the editor, and he will send you an unused copy of the stamp.

Bermuda came into great prominence during the week-end that the German airship *Graf Zeppelin* was on its way to America from Germany. Most of you will remember how many reports were issued saying that the Zeppelin had passed over Bermuda on its flight to Lakehurst.

How many of you have a representative number of the stamps of this interesting British Colony?

Bermuda issued its first postage stamp in 1865 on Crown C watermarked paper. This was the one penny, dull rose, with the head of Queen Victoria. In 1873 the same cut of the head was used in a different border design and two new stamps appeared.

In 1874 there was a shortage of three penny stamps, and the one shilling green and one penny rose were surcharged with the words, "Three Pence," thus making a new stamp. The one penny stamp with this surcharge is worth about sixty dollars today.

Less than a year later the Colonial Post Office suddenly discovered themselves sold out of penny stamps, and three values—two penny blue, three penny buff and one shilling green—were surcharged with the words "One Penny" in two lines. In 1884 the first stamp of Bermuda appeared on paper watermarked Crown CA.

This Crown CA paper was used until 1926 when it was superseded by a new watermark so familiar to collectors of British Colonial stamps—the multiple Crown and CA. In 1910 Bermuda's permanent set of stamps appeared, one of which is illustrated above. The higher values of this set are a little larger in size.

Bermuda has had two very beautiful commemorative stamps. In 1920 a set of large stamps was issued to commemorate the Tercentenary of the Establishment of Representative Institutions, and a year later the beautiful Peace Issue of stamps appeared.

THE PACKET OF CURIOUS STAMPS
Africa (springbok), Euthonia (phantom ship), Greece (dying soldier), Jugoslavia (nude slave), Kenya, Uganda, Quelimane, Samoa, Togo, Turkey (wolf); lion and tiger stamps, airmail, postage due, commemorative, statuary, map, special delivery, money stamps, and many other curious ones. Also set of six Turkish Azerbaijan "twelve stamps." ALL FOR \$1.00. Approvals and big price-list with each order.
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Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prewar) value of forty million dollars (interesting); perforation gauge and mm. scale; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Malay, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c, to approval applicants. Nice packet stockbook, vol. 25c, with every order.
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Complete Stamp Outfit
ALL FOR 10c
Illustrated Album, 50 Different Foreign Stamps, Pack of Stamp Hinges, Perforation Gauge, Hints to Collectors, His Illustrated Price List. All for 10c.
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Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are: Belgium (Gaston with pitchfork); Barbados (Ghoret and flying horse); Chile (Battle scene); Egypt (pyramids and pyramids); Jugoslavia (nude slave breaking chain); Newfoundland (wild cat); Malay (ferocious tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tunis (fighting Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing 5c this great packet will be sent.
PIKES PEAK STAMP CO., Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo.
IMPORTANT: If you set right now, we will also include free, a triangle stamp, perforation gauge and a small package of hinges.

STAMP ALBUM FREE Spaces for 1200 stamps with purchase of 50 stamps from 50 different countries for 25 cents. Mexican \$1 bill free with 20 different unused stamps for a dime. 1,000 mixed for a Mission stamps, 35c.
S. NAGLE, 1101 Marion, READING, PA.
SEND 15c for 5 Tanna-Touva (Mongolia) Stamps. Don't delay, to-morrow may be too late. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfied. **W. J. GRANT, 6317 18th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

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A fascinating, instructive card game of 300 questions and answers. Covers wide range of geographical, historical and literary facts that every man, woman and child should be familiar with—two to 75 may play, sold by leading dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you we will send them postpaid on receipt of \$1.00.
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THIS CLASS RING \$1.50
Largest Catalog Issued Sent FREE
Ring as shown with any one or two letters in center and HS, GS, or SS beside shield, 12 or more, \$1.50 each, in Sterling silver. Samples listed class officers. Special orders filled.
Metal Arts Co., Inc., 851 Portland Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

What are you giving your chum for Christmas?—"The American Girl" of course!

Our December Contents

Art and Poetry

Cover Design . . . *Miriam Selss*

Christmas Trees

Violet Alleyne Storey 6

Decoration by *Harry Cimino*

The Three Ships

Alfred Noyes 34, 35

Decoration by *Henry Fitz*

Stories

Wanted: a Leading Lady

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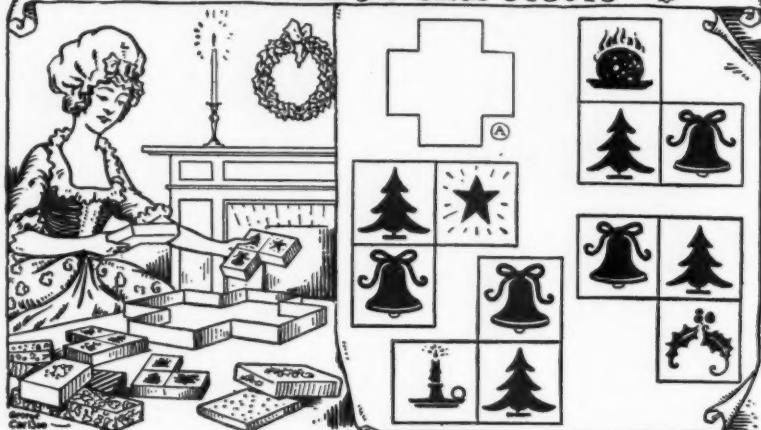
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OUR PUZZLE PACK

The CHRISTMAS BOX PROBLEM

A PUZZLE for GIRL SCOUTS



The Christmas Box Problem

Once more the Christmas season and its festive joys approach us. The days of holly and plum pudding, of gifts and mistletoe will soon be the center of our attention.

For our Christmas puzzle this month, let us see with our mind's eye how fair Mistress Abigail of old Colonial days was faced with a holiday problem.

It seems that she had an empty box in the shape of a cross (A), also four boxes shaped as the three-square ones pictured in the other part of our diagram. These boxes are filled with good things and are to fit into the empty and larger cross-shaped box in such a way that no similar decorative symbols in the squares adjoin each other in any direction or are in the same row either horizontally, vertically or diagonally.

Cut out or trace the four forms and see if you can fit them into the shape of a cross in this manner.

Concealed Pies

The names of five kinds of pie are concealed in the following sentences.

1. I am going to take a nap, please do not disturb me.
2. They found the germ in certain places where they had been.
3. As if by magic, her rye bread disappeared from the plate.
4. Paying nothing extra, I since thought it quite peculiar.
5. I certainly do hope a change will come in this weather.

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, eight new words will be formed. The eight added letters will spell the name of a State. Eat, Rose, Ate, Ore, And, Gate, Ice, Rake.

By *LOIS HUNNEWELL*
White Plains, New York

An Acrostic

The first and third letters of the nine four-letter words which are defined below will make the names of two famous feminine rulers of long ago.

1. To masticate
2. Having ability
3. Appendage
4. Slight fog
5. Dash (French)
6. State dress
7. A mental picture
8. A short letter
9. Reflected sound

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square.

1. A gentlewoman
2. To ascend
3. Arabic numeral
4. Away from
5. Rhythm; measure

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change SNOW into FIRE in seven moves.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

What is the difference between a winter storm and a child with a cold?

A Rebus



What two popular sports are represented by these pictures?

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

AUTHORS' PUZZLE: Puzzle square: Kempton, Knipe, Burtis, Curtis, Cades, Moses, Sherman, Shuford, Scoville, Eliot, Weslyn, Widdemer, Bray, Duganne. Anagram: Albert Payson Terhune. Rebus: Butler, Seaman, Abbott.

AN ACROSTIC: Kith, Iron, Pelt, Lest, Iota, Nook, Guys.

KIPLING. TOLSTOY

AN ENIGMA: "The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." Julius Caesar, Act. I, Scene 2.

ADD A LETTER: The six added letters spell MILTON.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE

LILAC
IRATE
LATIN
ATILT
CENTS

WORD JUMPING: Poem, Poet, Port, Part, Parc, Pale, Tale.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: Because it is done with the pen.

This is the last 1928 "American Girl." Don't forget to renew for 1929

If it were *my* mother . . .

It's a little hard sometimes to know what to give a mother for Christmas. They are so busy being unselfish—seeing that you get the new things you want—seeing that you have the good times that you like—that they just don't bother to tell you about the things that they need and long for.

But—if it were my mother—and she didn't have a Hoover—I think I would know very well what to give her for Christmas.

I would remember that she isn't as

young or quite as strong as I am. That cleaning tires her more than it once did. I'd realize, too, that because it takes so much of her strength and time, she misses much of the fun that other people are having. And I would want my mother, above all else, to get a little less than her share of work, and a little more than her share of good times.

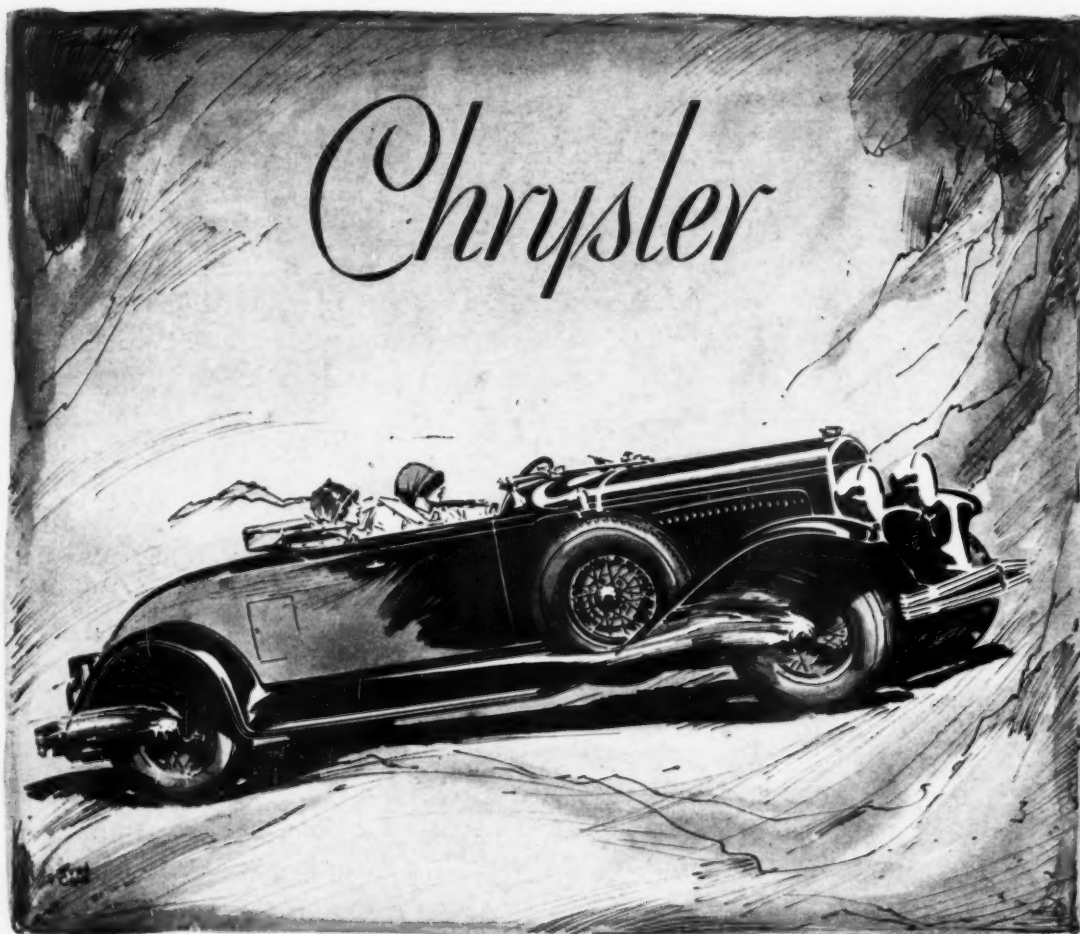
I would know, too, that in giving her a Hoover, I was giving her the very most that *any* electric cleaner could offer—faster cleaning, easier cleaning, more thorough cleaning than she could get from any other cleaning method.

If you can't manage such a gift alone, why not get the others to help you? Then everyone could share in the joy of giving such a really helpful gift.

THE HOOVER COMPANY
NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The HOOVER
It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans





New Chrysler "75" Roadster (with rumble seat), \$1555
(Wire wheels extra)

STYLE—Paris for Clothes; Chrysler for Cars



IT IS not too much to say that even Chrysler has never found a parallel to the admiration and enthusiasm which has greeted the new Chryslers—"75" and "65."

The public, ever eager to reward originality and merit, has welcomed them wholeheartedly as the forerunners of an entirely new and vastly superior motor car style, just as it welcomes enthusiastically the dictum of Paris in matters of clothes.

Everywhere, it applauds Chrysler's striking new style. It acclaims Chrysler's splendid new vitality of performance. It commends each and every one

of the countless betterments of Chrysler's artistic and mechanistic design.

You should see this epochal development. You should ride in and drive the new Chrysler—whether "75" or "65"—to appreciate just how emphatically Chrysler again has jolted outworn traditions in appearance, performance and value.

• • •

New Chrysler "75" Prices (with 6-ply full-balloon tires)—Royal Sedan, \$1535; 2-Passenger Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1535; Roadster (with rumble seat, illustrated), \$1555; Town Sedan, \$1655. (Wire wheels extra.) • • **New Chrysler "65" Prices**—Business Coupe, \$1040; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$1065; 2-Door Sedan, \$1065; Touring Car, \$1075; 4-Door Sedan, \$1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1145. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

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Sedan,
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New
le scat),
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